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RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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No. 36445

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Liquor Licences

ALTHOUGH no conscious impact will be made on the community as a whole by the amendments to the Dutable Commodities Ordinance and the correspondingly revised regulations, the new legislation approved by Legislative Council this week is not unimportant.

It serves two main purposes: to bring the system of liquor licensing under one Licensing Authority, and to rationalise and streamline liquor licence fees. The approved amendments stem from recommendations made by the Liquor Licensing Committee of 1954 which presented its official report in March of last year.

What has been abolished are the publican's licence, the restaurant adjunct licence, the Chinese restaurant licence and the Chinese marine restaurant licence. These are now replaced by a general liquor licence divided into two forms (a) where a bar is kept on the premises and (b) where no bar is maintained; a club liquor licence; a temporary liquor licence for public entertainment or to serve on any public occasion.

This is a commendable simplification of what previously has been a cumbersome system. Equally sensible is the decision to apply flat rates for ordinary liquor licences required by publicans, restaurateurs, and hoteliers. The legislators have also taken the opportunity of introducing a liquor licence for private clubs, the fee being \$250 per year. Clubs generally sports, social and community can hardly complain about this imposition which, among other things, will help to maintain the rate of revenue from liquor licences consequent on their modification.

Business house staff clubs may feel they are a little unfairly treated by being placed in the same category as the large and prosperous clubs of the Colony where membership is unlimited and turnover from sale of liquor runs into many thousands of dollars.

year, with corresponding profits. Government might still give a second thought to these staff clubs whose main function is not to sell liquor at a profit, but to provide reasonably cheap meals to employees and to afford them social recreation out of working hours.

CYPRUS: GREEKS AND TURKS IN PITCHED BATTLES

Women Join In CURFEW IMPOSED ON COAST TOWN

Nicosia, May 25.

Security authorities today imposed an indefinite curfew on the south coast town of Larnaca after what observers described as the island's most serious clashes yet between Greeks and Turks.

The town was silent tonight but a tense atmosphere remained in the curfewed streets after pitched battles in which sticks, stones, bottles and knives were brought into play.

A pitched battle raged for some time on the square before the towering St Lazarus Cathedral. While men fought it out below women shrieked from balconies above and dropped flower pots on to their heads.

Greeks then organised a counter attack on the Turkish sector near a Turkish school and another battle continued until British troops of the Middlesex Regiment intervened.

"Goodwill" Visits Proposal "Impractical"

Washington, May 25.

The Soviet Union has suggested an exchange of "goodwill" visits by ships of the United States and Soviet navies, usually reliable sources said today.

The United States rejected the proposal as being impractical for the time being, these sources added.

The proposal was linked here with the still informal invitation for some senior United States air force officers to attend the Aviation Day show in Moscow on June 24, and the invitation to the British Air Minister, Mr. Nigel Birch, to visit the Soviet capital at the same time.

The approach for an exchange of fleet visits was made in Washington and involved discussions between naval officials at the Soviet Embassy and United States defence headquarters, a Soviet source told Reuters.

Village Arrests

Kuala Lumpur, May 25.

Police tonight arrested 21 people in Seremban, a new village where women tappers recently protested that they had been stripped by security forces searching for food, the Singapore Standard reported.—Reuters.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

- P. 5: The Prisoner in Portland Place, by Harold Walton. Secret police bar the door, by Maurice Manning.
- P. 6: Rene MacColl continues his "inside" stories of 20 years of foreign reporting.
- P. 7: Shirley Lowe discusses a typical modern mother in the first of a two-day series. John Marshall concludes the story of a genius, the late Dylan Thomas.
- P. 8: The secret of the Dietrich eyes, Jack Cardiff ends his series: "Through my lens". How women novelists find time to write books, by Anne Landau.
- P. 13: Now we've got to beat the Brain Barrier, by Chapman Pincher. Trevor Evans conducts an inquest into the resignation of a top British Communist Harry Pollitt and asks: Did he fall or—was he pushed?
- P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sport review.

BICKERING DOWN AT DJAKARTA

Djakarta, May 26.

The new international preparatory committee of the Asian-African Students Conference adjourned today after a stormy session without determining the starting date for the conference.

But chairman of the committee, Agustin Amindun, who is also the Indonesian representative, said the conference was not likely to begin before June 10.

Philippines and Japanese delegates on the committee had urged longer postponement of conference which was due to start tomorrow to enable complete reorganisation of preparations, but Indonesia is worried about the heavy costs a long delay will entail.

CLASHES

Today's session of the IPC was marked by clashes between Communist Chinese and Philippine delegates it was reliably learned.

The Chinese delegate has been using delaying tactics in an attempt to force the IPC to hold the conference tomorrow according to committee members.

The date of May 28 was set by the old Communist-dominated IPC. After the chairman had adjourned the committee meeting until tomorrow morning the Chinese delegate announced he would leave for Bandung where delegates of 12 countries are now gathered.

It was not immediately clear whether he would attend the morning session of the IPC.—Reuters.

Bonn Govt Crisis Over

Bonn, May 25.

Dr Adenauer today put an end to all talk that his Cabinet was in danger of breaking apart because of differences on economic policy.

He told Professor Ludwig Erhard, the Minister of Economics, that he had full confidence in him "both personally and as Minister of Economics."

The news was given in a communique issued two days after Dr Adenauer had heavily criticised economic measures which Professor Erhard was known to favour.

The communique added that Dr Adenauer told Professor Erhard much press comment on Wednesday's speech "contained completely unjustified comments."

The papers had interpreted Dr Adenauer's speech, made in response to a speech by the Federation of Industries as a severe rebuff to Professor Erhard.

Criticism

In the speech Dr Adenauer criticised Professor Erhard's plan to cut import duties in order to increase the supply of goods on the home market.

He also said that the raising of the bank rate from four and a half to five and half per cent on May 19 was a "blow at present."

Professor Erhard and the Minister of Finance, Herr Fritz Schafer, are known to approve the increase.

Tonight's communique said that Dr Adenauer would follow up his meeting with Professor Erhard by a meeting with Herr Schafer for a personal talk.

While the communique shows that the acute crisis is over, there still is no agreement on the best course to stop the boom turning into a bust.

A five-hour economic debate in the Cabinet was adjourned tonight without reaching a decision on the best course.—Reuters.

31 Feared Dead In Plane Crash

Guatemala, May 25.

All 31 occupants of a commercial airliner are believed to have been killed when the plane crashed into a mountain side northwest of Guatemala city last night.

The wreckage of the aircraft was located this morning by search planes which reported that there was no sign of any survivors. The last plane, belonging to the "Avianca" company, had 28 passengers and three crew members on board. It was on a regular flight from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala city.

The crash is believed to have been due to bad weather conditions. Rescue teams were today trying to reach the scene of the catastrophe by helicopter.—France-Press.

Soviet Fishing Concession To Britain

London, May 25.

Russia agreed today to permit British fishermen to operate to within three miles of parts of her Arctic coast instead of the 12 miles she regards as her territorial waters.

A new Anglo-Soviet fisheries agreement to replace the 25-year concession which the Soviet Union terminated last year was signed in Moscow today, the Foreign Office announced. It will run for five years at first and is automatically renewable for further five-year periods unless denounced after one year's notice.

The new agreement admits British fishermen to less than half the areas which were open to them under the 1930 treaty. Denunciation of the old agreement has closed traditional fishing grounds, rich in cod, plaice and haddock, to British trawlers.

Under the pact signed today, they are granted rights to cast their nets in three areas in the Barents Sea to within three miles of the Soviet coastline.

Diplomatic quarters here saw the Soviet agreement as part of Moscow's current series of "peace" gestures to the West.

WELL PLEASED

The British Trawlers Federation immediately welcomed the agreement tonight, with its President, Mr Jack Croft Baker, declaring: "We are very pleased indeed that an agreement with Russia on so vital a matter to our industry has been possible."

He said the treaty "falls far short of what we had hoped," but he added it made "important concessions to our trawlersmen" and showed that the principle of the three-mile territorial waters limit was still "very much alive."

Britain claims only three miles as her territorial waters and in recent years has sharply contested claims of other countries to extend theirs beyond this limit.

The old agreement was ended by Russia in July last year. Negotiations for the new one started a month later, when British experts flew to Moscow.

DIMINISHING FISH

In the case against extending the concession Soviet officials used the same argument they used against Japan in the recent Russo-Japanese fisheries negotiations; that they were seriously concerned about the diminishing stocks of fish.

Iceland and Norway took the same stand against Britain when they recently extended their territorial waters to the disadvantage of British trawlers.

Other arguments used by Moscow in the Anglo-Soviet talks were the fear that other countries might also demand favoured treatment and that Britain was unable to reciprocate the special treatment she was asking for British trawlers.

British officials said today the Soviet agreement represented a concession for which Britain offered nothing in return.

The Trawlers Federation said that because of more intensive fishing in the Barents Sea last year British trawlersmen did not suffer very much in their total catch from the ending of the 1930 concession. But the new agreement would enable them particularly to bring in more and better plaice.—Reuters.

KAI TAK AIRPORT WORK IS HELD UP

Work on the new \$96 million Kai Tak airport has been temporarily held up in one phase, at least, it was understood yesterday.

A source said the job of filling in the seabed for reclaiming the land had come to a stop. This was because the few dredges employed in digging up the mud and pumping up the sand from the sea were working too slowly to allow for the filling-up process to be carried out according to schedule.

Under Phase One of the development project 11 million cubic yards of earth and sand have to be deposited in the reclamation area. Of this some eight million cubic yards will be dredged from the dredging area off Hung Hom, and the remaining three million cubic yards will come from excavation of the Kowloon hills including the Hill of Sung, which have to be demolished in order to provide a suitable approach for aircraft to the new runway.

Mr M. Louis Martin, agent for the French firm Societe Francaise d'Entreprises de Travaux et de Travaux Publics, which was awarded the contract to dredge the seabed would neither confirm nor deny the work stoppage.

Mr W. M. S. Houston, agent for Messrs Gammon (Malaya) Ltd, which is demolishing the hills and will build the seawalls, denied that there had been "complete work stoppage."

Pressmen Placed On War Footing

Algiers, May 25.

M. Robert Lacoste, French Minister Resident in Algeria, today placed press correspondents there on a war footing.

He imposed set of rules for correspondents, which he can enforce with the special emergency powers at his command.

The rules forbid correspondents to report without authorisation the number and names of French casualties, French operational plans, information which might prove useful to the insurgents and "macabre descriptions which might cause anguish to the families concerned". —Reuters.

Rebels Crushed

Algiers, May 25.

French infantrymen crushed a huge rebel force near Khemis on the Algerian-Moroccan border, killing at least 100 in a daylong battle, French officials said today.

The battle, the fiercest in the past two weeks, began yesterday when French patrols of the French force encountered rebel advance scouts and killed two of them.—United Press.

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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Theirs — but three days to love, honour and cherish

One of the 3 greatest pictures of all time!

GARY COOPER • INGRID BERGMAN

AKIM TAMIROFF • ARTURO DE CORDOVA • JOSEPH CALLEJA • KATINA PAXINO

Produced and Directed by **Sam Wood**

Screen Play by Dudley Nichols

From the celebrated novel by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

4 SHOWS TO-MORROW

KING'S PRINCESS

EXTRA MORNING SHOW

TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.

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And The Three Stooges

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"SURVIVAL CITY"

In CinemaScope Color by De Luxe

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

RKO Radio presents Walt Disney's

"THE SEA AROUND US" Feature-length

In Technicolor Technicolor Cartoon

The Academy Award Winner! "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

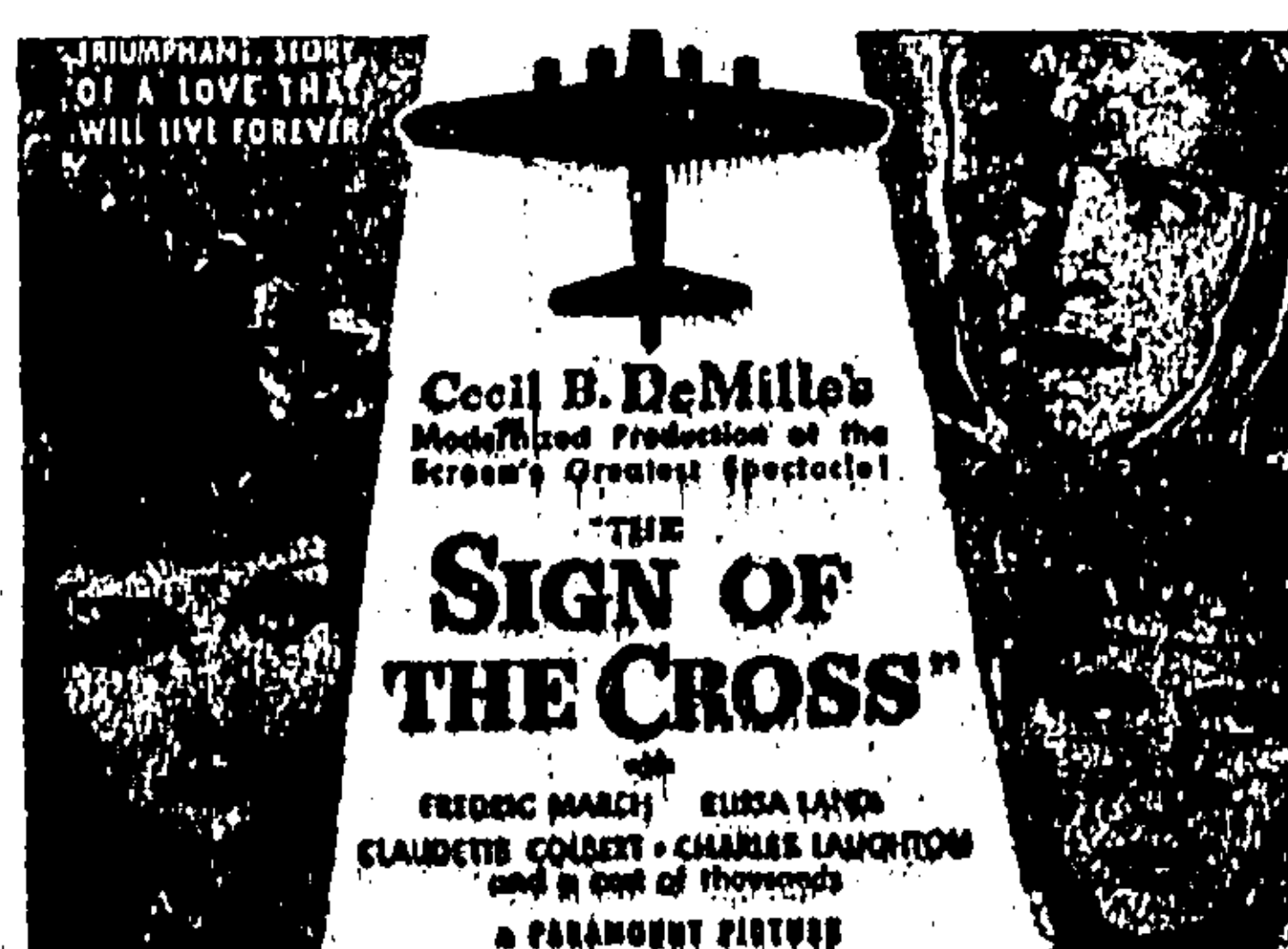
— Reduced Admission —

ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

CAPITOL RITZ

"CAPTAIN BLOOD" "RAGE AT DAWN"

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



In the picture above Abdullah the Great forces his attention on the disdainful Kay Kendall. Gregory Ratoff has the title role.

'Much Woman'

It is not only lack of facilities that hinder him however. The very people he has come to help are growing weary. Food is scarce, some of their most fanatical adherents are betraying them, to the enemy who are winning step by step. The will to struggle up is growing weaker.

In some though the fighting spirit is as strong as ever. Notably in a fierce, student, passionate, ugly peasant woman, Katina Paxinou. She is not heard of now, but the part was tailor-made for her. Hemingway described her as "much woman" and I don't think even Marlon could have bettered Paxinou's portrayal of this tough yet sympathetic she-beast.

Undoubtedly the picture goes to the two lovers, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, but turning them a close second in the amount of concentration she enforces from her audience is Katina Paxinou.

Every part is taken by a name well known for character roles. The entire leave Akim Tamiroff, the youthful eager Arturo de Cordova, wily Joseph Calleja and kindly Vladimir Sokoloff all contribute interesting characterisations without which the picture would be incomplete.

This is one of the few revivals that doesn't have a dated air and is still excellent screen entertainment after thirteen years.

The King & Her

The life of the merry monarch, upon whose extra-Court activities "The Great Abdulla" is based, is not the best illustration of the cautionary tale that discourages on the wages of sin.

However, with Gregory Ratoff as the Middle Eastern potentate, the ethics are immaterial.

I can't think how our Kay Kendall got mixed up in all the debauchery, but perhaps it has something to do with her air of disdainful unavailability.

The contrast between this and the lascivious greed of Abdulla is well marked. But the chief reason for going to see this film for most people will presumably be to see the scantily dressed dancing girls, 20th century variety.

Diana Dors, Too

Oh those titles! How could anyone possibly be drawn to a film with the appendage "An Alligator Named Daisy"? In spite of the, for English people, magical name of Diana Dors in the cast list.

The makers were quite honest in their label—it is mostly about a bad tempered reptile answering to the name of "Daisy" and her effect on her fans and detractors—but perhaps in this case it would have been better to have glided the pill a bit and called it "Love, Beasts The Scales".

The first few scenes are quite funny, so I would advise you to be on time. Alas, expectations are not realised and with due apologies to Mr Rank, the rest is over-ripe.

This is not an oblique reference to England's pin-up girl, Diana Dors—what is expected of her she does well. It is just



Jean Carson in "An Alligator Named Daisy."



Susan Hayward in "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

that the humour, in spite of hefty heaves from James Robertson Justice and Roland Culver, fails to take off.

Donald Sinden is a poor but honest fortune hunter on whom the attractive eye of heiress Dors has fallen. He has swallowed the bait with alacrity, albeit with the right air of condescension, when along comes an impetuous zoo keeper's assistant, in the shape of Jean Carson. She and the alligator named Daisy proceed to upset the best laid plans of his parents in the nicest possible way—and by the end of the film even the obnoxious alligator finds a matrimonial partner.

The highlight of the picture for me (who had to see it anyway) was the brief appearance in it of the same Stephen Boyd who made such an impression as the Irish courier spy in "The Man Who Never Was". Watch out for him "once again" —he's "Albert" and looks as though even if the film isn't making him laugh, something off he is.

A voice, before I leave "Daisy" about Jean Carson. We first saw her as an excitingly new British personality in the modest little Jack Buchanan comedy "As Long As They're Happy" and her refreshing smile looked as though it had freshened. Somebody somewhere along the way must have lost interest in her—in spite of her reputed success in America—for she hasn't progressed an inch since the previous film, has acquired a "phony Irish

only was directed by her husband, Christian-Jaque, who also spoke from the stage. Miss Carol was not in it.

The crush to get through the crowds into the cinema was so great that one wondered if the sightseers were trying to force a strip tease act on guests struggling through the foyer, as a protest against the decorous dress of Miss Carol.

The film itself—"St. Louis Les Cars Du Monde" couldn't have been further removed from the type in which Martine Carol appears. It was a tribute to "hams" the world over—those enthusiastic amateur radio feds who sit up into the small hours adding with their home made sets, talking to wireless friends the other side of the world, always hoping that they will be able to pick up an S.O.S. missed by the regular radio stations.

Although over-long, it gave a human picture of a small fishing boat whose crew is suddenly taken ill with a mysterious malady. Their S.O.S. for medical advice and help is picked up by "Togoland", passed to Paris, Munich etc. and although the vicissitudes of the packet of medicine which is sent to them are impossible to believe in, there are some interesting moments as it goes on its roundabout journey.

Youth Again

"Running Wild" has us back among the gangsters again — young delinquents this time — in many ways more vicious than the hardened criminals.

At least the older men have outgrown some of the exhibitionism of their youth. With the youngsters, the compelling desire to show how tough they are is one of the main factors that turn them into lawbreakers. At least, that is the opinion of those who have made a study of the problem.

Jitterbugging supposedly being the main off-duty occupation of juvenile delinquents, there is a scene in which Mamie Van Doren flings herself about in the prescribed manner, and "hugs" us, have their place in the story, alongside the "Big Boss" who battles on the young criminals. I was sorry to see Keenan Wynn in such an un-rewarding role.

Tragedy Of Error

How would you feel if you were the British equivalent of a District Attorney and had sent a man to his death who afterwards is discovered to have been innocent.

Would you keep all your self respect, would you call it a reasonable margin of error if it was the first time in an entire career of bringing criminals to book that you had made a mistake, would you make another of life, or do you think that you would have become so hardened to the criminal mind that you could cease to see it as part of a living organism and dismiss the episode as a technical mistake?

Edward G. Robinson finds himself in this predicament in "Hush" and the effect on film is a combination of all the aforementioned symptoms.

His first is natural enough—he looks for consolation in the bottle. This not being a permanent cure, he is faced with the problem of what to do next. A civil practice on the shady underside of the law seems to be the answer, perhaps hoping that by closer contact with would-be criminals in their unguarded moments he will come to feel any pity for those who willingly hobnob with the Underworld.

The bad boys are headed by sneer-faced Albert Dekker who is given the lovely line—"I don't blame you, I bury 'em", while his girl friend is the Jayne Mansfield who is one of the latest in the new line of hopeful starlets. The other interesting personality in this fairly routine gangster melodrama is baby-faced Jan Merlin who looks so personable and acts so coldbloodedly.

Oh! Those Fans

There can hardly be anyone interested in films who does not know that the famous French film star, Murielle Carol, has been in our midst for a few days. Her films have become increasingly popular here and her fans gave her an enthusiastic welcome.

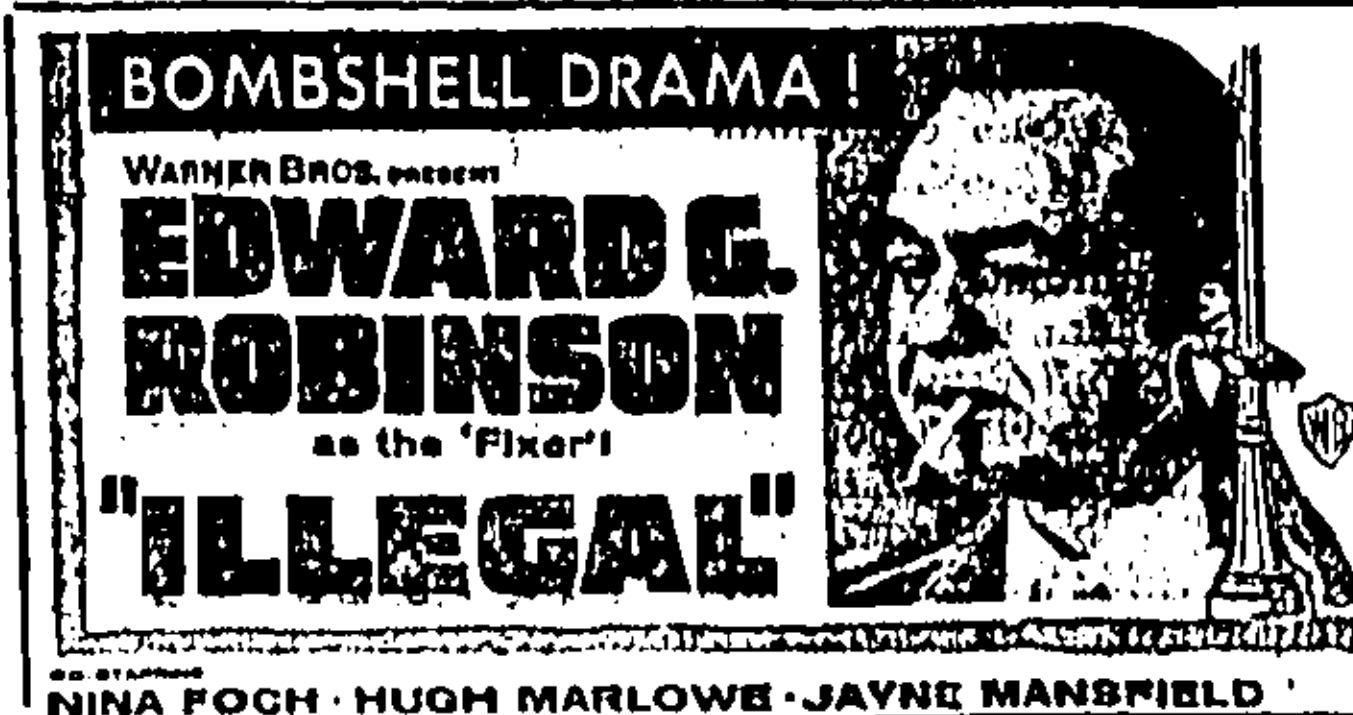
There was a near riot in the foyer of the Roxy theatre when she arrived there with her husband on Thursday night before making a personal appearance on the stage.

It was a double attraction as the film showing for one night

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COLOR CARTOONS
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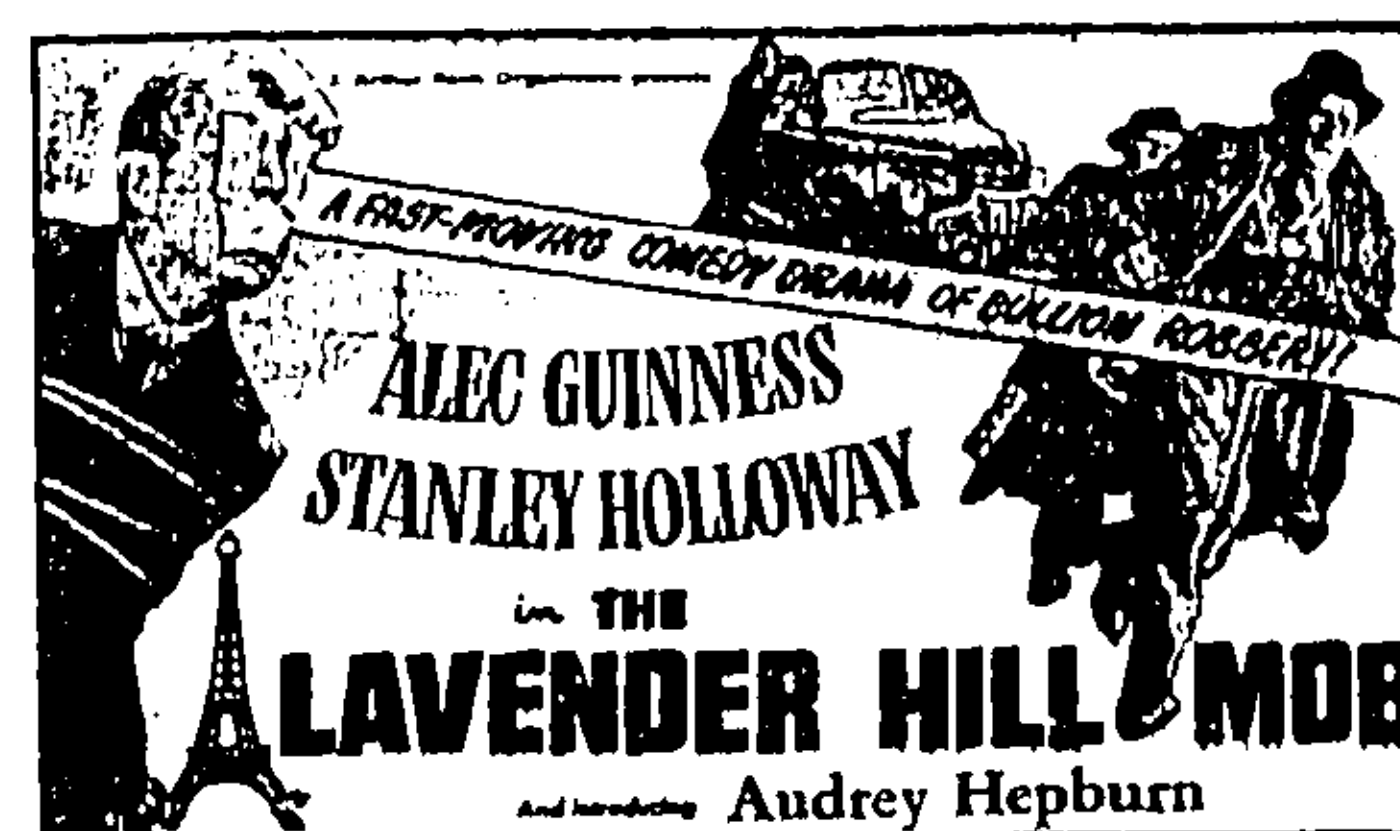
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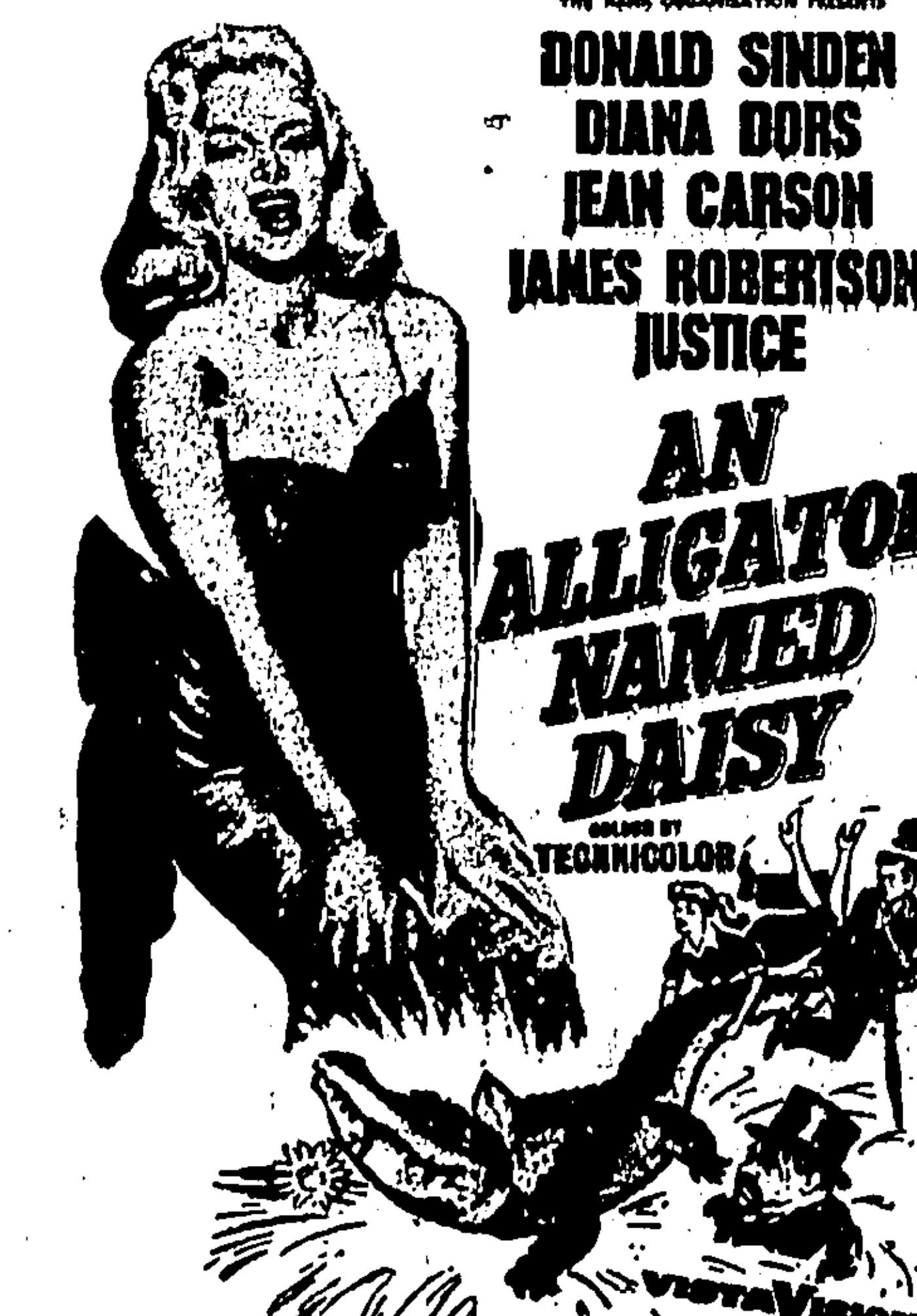
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SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Universal Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: 3 Stooges Comedy and Colour Cartoons

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

FORGIVE A WICKED TIGRESS—LAST WEEK'S ZOO DRAMA



NEPTI SEES HER LOST CUB

And looks, perhaps, just a little ashamed



BEWARE TIGER

LETTER POSTED
AT SEA AND
ICELAND FARMER
PICKED UP
BOTTLE

Edmonton
AN Edmonton school-girl
has received a reply from
an Icelandic farmer to a
message she placed in a
bottle last summer.

Last July 6, Marion Shutt,
11, threw the bottle over the
side of the England-bound liner
Saxonia while the vessel was in
the straits of Belle Isle at the
entrance to the Gulf of St.
Lawrence.

1,000 MILES

The bottle contained a
note asking the finder to
write to Marion in Edmon-
ton. After bobbing about
the North Atlantic for nine
months and being carried
more than 1,000 miles, the
bottle turned up on the
south-east coast of Iceland.

On April 10, Gjetar H.
Bjorgus, an Icelandic farmer,
recovered the bottle. He wrote
to Marion enclosing pictures of
himself, his family, and his
house and asked her to reply to
his letter. Bjorgus said he owns
120 sheep, three horses and a
cow.

The Belle Isle incident was
not Marion's only bottle drop-
ping venture.

While crossing the English
Channel last summer she tossed
another bottle overboard. It
was picked up by a girl on the
English coast, who also answer-
ed Marion's note.—United Press.

Principles Cost
Her A
Day In Gaol

Hackensack.
Mrs Olive Alter, the strong-
principled wife of an insurance
executive, served a 24-hour jail
sentence for refusing to pay a
one-dollar traffic fine.

Her husband stayed home
from work to take care of her
two young children while she
served her day's sentence.

Mr. Alter described his wife as
having strong principles. But he
added: "I didn't think she'd do
it."—China Mail Special.

Sheep Kills
Man

Melbourne.
A kick on the head by a sheep
killed an orchard worker, Mr.
Douglas Busby.

Thirty-year-old Mr. Busby
was unloading sheep from a
wrecked semi-trailer when he
was kicked on the forehead.

He threw his head back sharply,
hitting it on the steel frame-
work of the trailer.

He complained of headache,
collapsed and died a short while
later.—China Mail Special.

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



THE BOTTOM
OF THE BOTTLE
CINEMASCOPE

Sunday Morning Show
at 12.30 p.m.
At Reduced Prices
"MAN WITHOUT STAR"
Color by Technicolor

SHOWING TO-DAY
2.30-5.30-7.30
& 9.30 p.m.

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HOWARD KEEL-ANN BLYTH-DOLORES GRAY-VIC DAMONE

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Alan Ladd in "DRUM BEAT" Warner Bros. Technicolor film

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SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY
& TO-MORROW AT 2.30 P.M.
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Entertainment
For The Family.

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WESTERN
SIMPHONY!
LATIN
RHYTHM!

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Logo Front \$10, Logo \$6 & \$4.50, Dress Circle \$2.40
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ALL MEN
ARE ANGELS?

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DELIA SCALA

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ENGLISH SUBTITLES
CINEMASCOPE
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MOTELS MAKING MILLIONS
AND U.S. HOTELS ARE FEELING
THE PINCH

Why The
Marchioness
Won't Eat
Train Meals
(She Takes Her
Own Sandwiches)

Chicago.
The motel industry, one of the top success
stories of the last decade, is preparing for its
record stream of tourists during the coming
vacation season.

Motels have become a
\$20,000 a room a night hotel while
hotels are a \$100 a night hotel.
Many motels are as good as
gold as hotels, the chief
difference being that instead of
being built vertically, they're
built horizontally. The hotel
spokeman said.

Hotels in bigger cities are
holding their own, he said, but
in smaller towns where they are
old and rundown, motels are
bound to take business from
them.

Hotel operators claim that
dollar for dollar, they still
provide better service. Nearly
all serve food, have 24-hour
telephone and watchman services,
and a doctor on call.

But motels are improving
their accommodation. Many are
installing television in rooms,
serving restaurants, and even
providing swimming pools.
Motels are free of the tipping
problem which is a big factor

The latest trend in motels,
Mrs. Patterson said, is in the in-
vitation of motel accommodation
along with the convenience of
their new downtown locations.—
United Press.

Hotels Lag
Hotels are not too worried
about the growth of the motel
because, as the spokesman put
it, "there's plenty of business to
go around" in travel-conscious
America.

The causes of the rapid growth
of motels are many but the main
impetus is the widespread
desire for a paid vacation.
Travelers look to the highways
in millions. Accommodation was
needed quickly and motels spring
up to fill the need.

High building lagged during
the post-war period, probably
because of high costs. It re-
quires an outlay of \$18,000 to
\$20,000 a room.

The incidence of tuber-
culosis was reported to be on
the decline while the family
allowances for Eskimons tend-
ed to protect them from the
dangers of starvation, he said.
—United Press.

Bob Took
Law For
A Ride

Sydney.
A dog last week jumped
into the sidecar of a
Tottenham police motor-
cycle outfit and refused
to move until driven to
the lock-up.

Bob, a blue cattle dog,
insisted that Constable
Crossingham make a
routine check for his
master.

It was the second time
in a few days that Bob
had commandeered the
constable's services.

The previous week
Bob bailed me up with a
very alarming bark," Con-
stable Crossingham said.

"He led me to a pepper
tree—and there was his
master dead to the world.
"Bob wouldn't stop
licking and kissing me as
I made his mate com-
fortable in the lock-up."

"LAST SUPPER"
This was made in Batley,
Yorkshire, in 1700. Behind its
face it has a beautiful repro-
duction of Leonardo da Vinci's
painting of "The Last Supper."
The doctor consulted the Brit-
ish Museum's collection in
London, the premier authority
on clocks, and they told him no
time could be found of any
other grandfather clock with
such a picture.

POSTMAN'S
KNOCKDogs Are
In For
Trouble

Washington.
The U.S. Postmaster-
General's Department
has launched an all-in
war against the post-
man's natural enemy—
the dog.

Officials said the postman-
biting dog has got beyond a
joke.

Last year 5,880 postmen
were bitten by dogs.

About 75 per cent needed
medical attention and 10
per cent were laid up for a
day or more.

In 72 per cent of the cases,
the postman was bitten below
the knee, 13 per cent on the
hand or forearm, 12 per cent
above the knee.

The report says the other 3
per cent were bitten "else-
where."

The postmaster at Sacra-
mento had his own plan for
keeping dogs at bay.

He made friends with the
biggest dogs on his route and
took it along for protection.

Some postmen were armed
with water pistols filled with a
mild solution of ammonia, but
this upset the postmen more
than the dogs.

Then they tried psycho-
logy—starting the dog in the
eye and refusing to back
away.

In some cases, however,
the dog proved to be better
psychologist than the postman.

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The Man With 12 Grandfathers

Sydney.
It was 11 o'clock in the
morning when I knocked
on Dr T. F. Brown's front
door last week.

I know it was 11, because I
heard 10 clocks all chiming to-
gether inside the house. At the
same time there came the
staccato "pips" of a radio
station.

Dr Brown, who is over 80
and looks 60, collects grand-
father clocks, and still has a
dozen of them.

Only last week he gave one
—it is two and a half centuries
old—to Parliament House in
Canberra.

OLD MASTERS

Dr Brown went to school in
Tasmania, took his medical
degrees at Guy's Hospital, Lon-
don, and won the D.S.O. in
World War I.

He began collecting grand-
father clocks more than 35
years ago.

He saw one advertised for
£10. It turned out to be made

by Benjamin Lockwood, of
Swaffham, Norfolkshire.

That was in 1748. It is go-
ing as well today as when it
first let the hands of a master.

Dr Brown said he was first
attracted to grandfather clocks
because he believes them to be
the best of all antiques.

by Peter Batten

And unless the grandfather
clock you may possess is men-
tioned in Bailey's (which is to
clocks of renown as the Stud
Book is to bloodstock), you can
forget it!

Every grandfather clock bears
the maker's name carefully en-
graved at the top right-hand
corner of the face.

The doctor explained that
grandfather clocks were inven-
ted in 1660. Before that the
standard English clock was the
lancet clock, which originated
in 1600.

By the way, he has a lantern
clock, in perfect going order,
which was 300 years old the
other day.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



PRINCESS MARGARET arriving with a party at the Cafe de Paris, London, to watch a cabaret performance by American entertainer Eartha Kitt. It was the third time the Princess had been to see Eartha during the singer's current engagement. Note the Princess's new parted-in-the-middle hairstyle. (Express)



QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, who is Chancellor of London University, presiding at a Presentation Day ceremony at the University. Picture shows graduates being introduced to her after receiving their degrees. (Express)



THIS year's Royal Caledonian Ball was held at London's Grosvenor House. Dancers are shown taking part in the Atholl Highlanders set reel.



LT-GEN. Sir Francis Festing's farewell parade at Hounslow Barracks before leaving for Singapore to take up his new appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, in succession to Gen. Sir Charles Loewen. (Army News)



THESE two girls have a chance at £20,000. They tied as "Miss England" in a national beauty contest in London. Now 18-year-old Hena Nelson (right), a model from Liverpool, will go to Stockholm for the "Miss Europe" competition. Raven-haired Iris Waller, from Newcastle, will go to California for the "Miss Universe" finals. If still on top after the "Miss World" final in October, they will be £20,000 better off in prizes, film contracts and gifts. (Express)

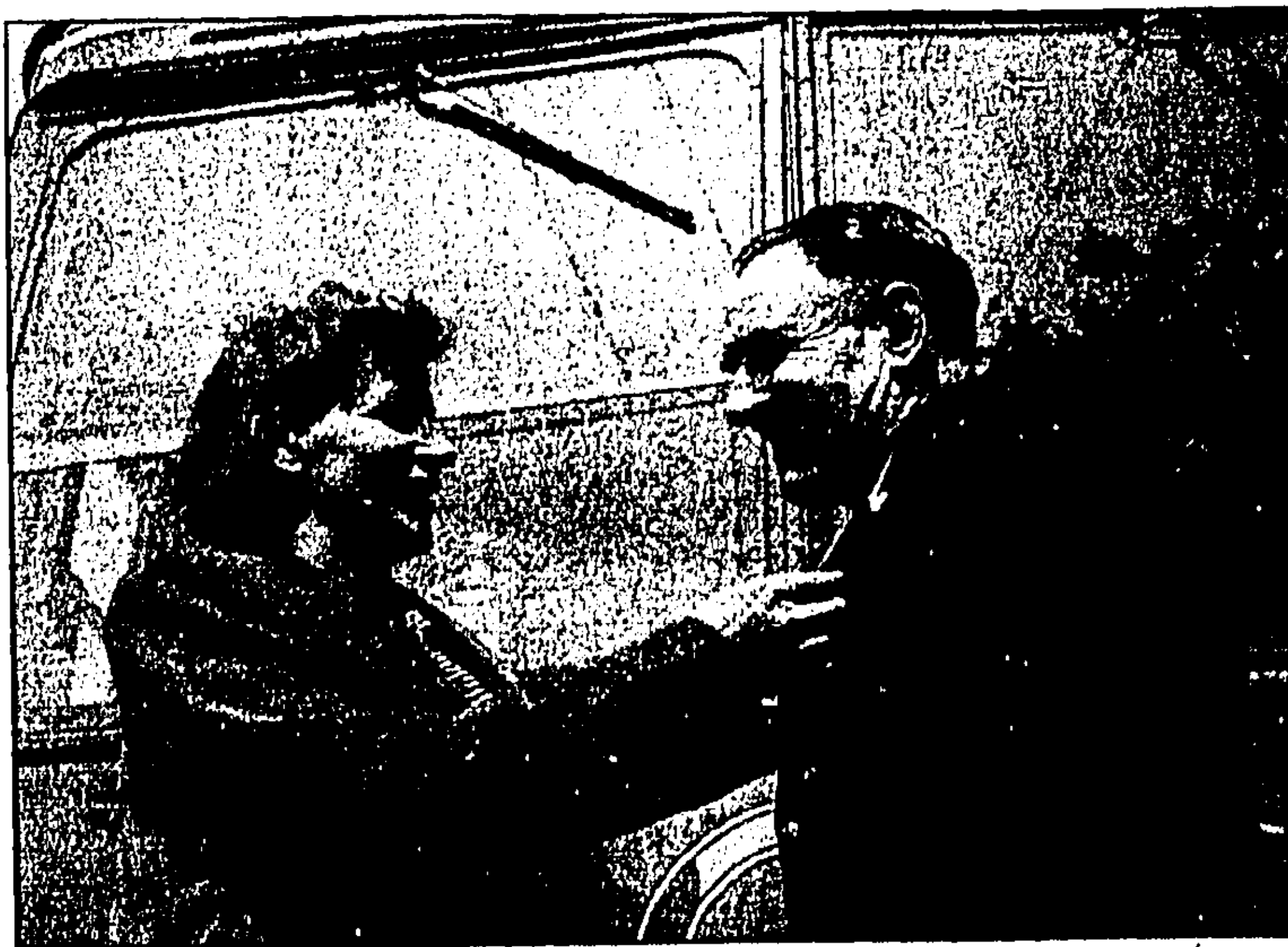


THE Duke of Gloucester talking to officers on his visit to the Royal Armoured Corps at Bovington and Lulworth, Dorset. In the picture is one of the new Conqueror tanks which he inspected. (Army News)



LEFT: Twins run in the family of Chin Yu, 27-year-old actress from Hongkong, who has until recently been playing in the London production "Teahouse of the August Moon." So when she and her Australian husband, David Williams, learned she was expecting a baby, they insured for £300 against twins. Now an X-ray shows that their foresight is to pay off, because she has got twins. They took out the policy "to pay for the extra things if two children came along." (Express)

BELOW: The Ink Spots famed American singing quartet, pictured at London Airport on their arrival from the United States. They have been booked for a season at the London Palladium. (Express)



THE first ordinary Russian tourists to visit Britain since the war made their appearance in London this month. The party comprised workers and officials of the Moscow transport system. Miss Pelegrina Fedina, a Soviet woman bus driver, meets a London driver. (Express)



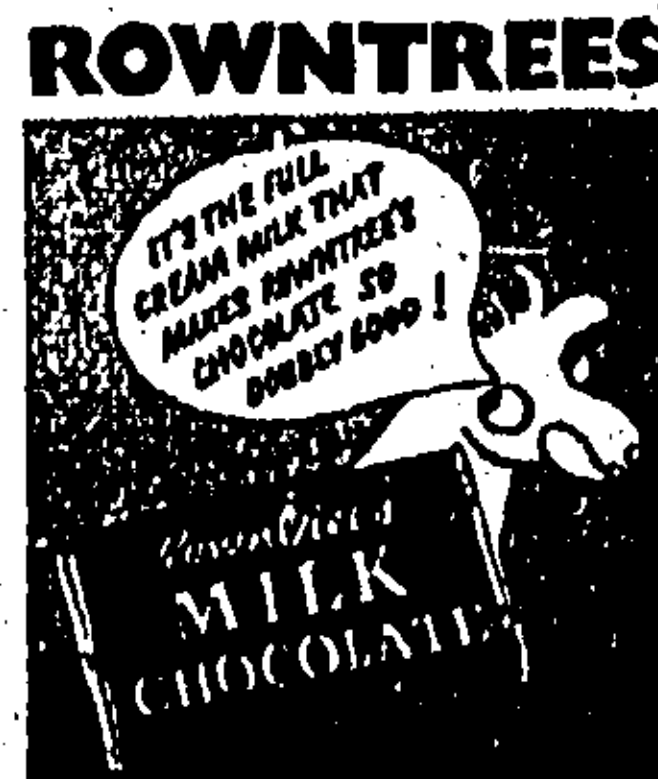
MEET a British politician with a famous name. It is Mr Winston Churchill, a 35-year-old caterer, seen canvassing votes for Nottingham City municipal elections. With a name like that, there's only one party he could belong to—the Conservatives. But he was defeated by a Labour candidate. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



NO CONTACT! SECRET POLICE BAR IT

By
Maurice Manning

SOVIET spokesmen are consistently calling for closer contacts between the peoples of the USSR and those of the free world. This trend in the outlook of the Soviet leaders was underlined by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev when they requested — and received — facilities to meet members of the British public during their official visit to Britain in April.

Perhaps my use of the word "trend" is unfortunate. I should have said "apparent trend" for while Soviet visitors to Britain are encouraged to make contact with the ordinary citizen, the Communist authorities in the USSR deny the freedom to foreigners visiting the Soviet Union.

VAIN HOPE

The same month as Bulganin and Krushchev were visiting Britain, the first French tourists to visit the Ukraine (Krushchev's native republic) arrived in the city of Odessa. On their arrival they were asked to prepare lists of the things they particularly wished to see; most of the requests were subsequently turned down. All of them hoped to visit a Russian home, but it was a vain hope, though some would undoubtedly have done so but for the interference of the police.

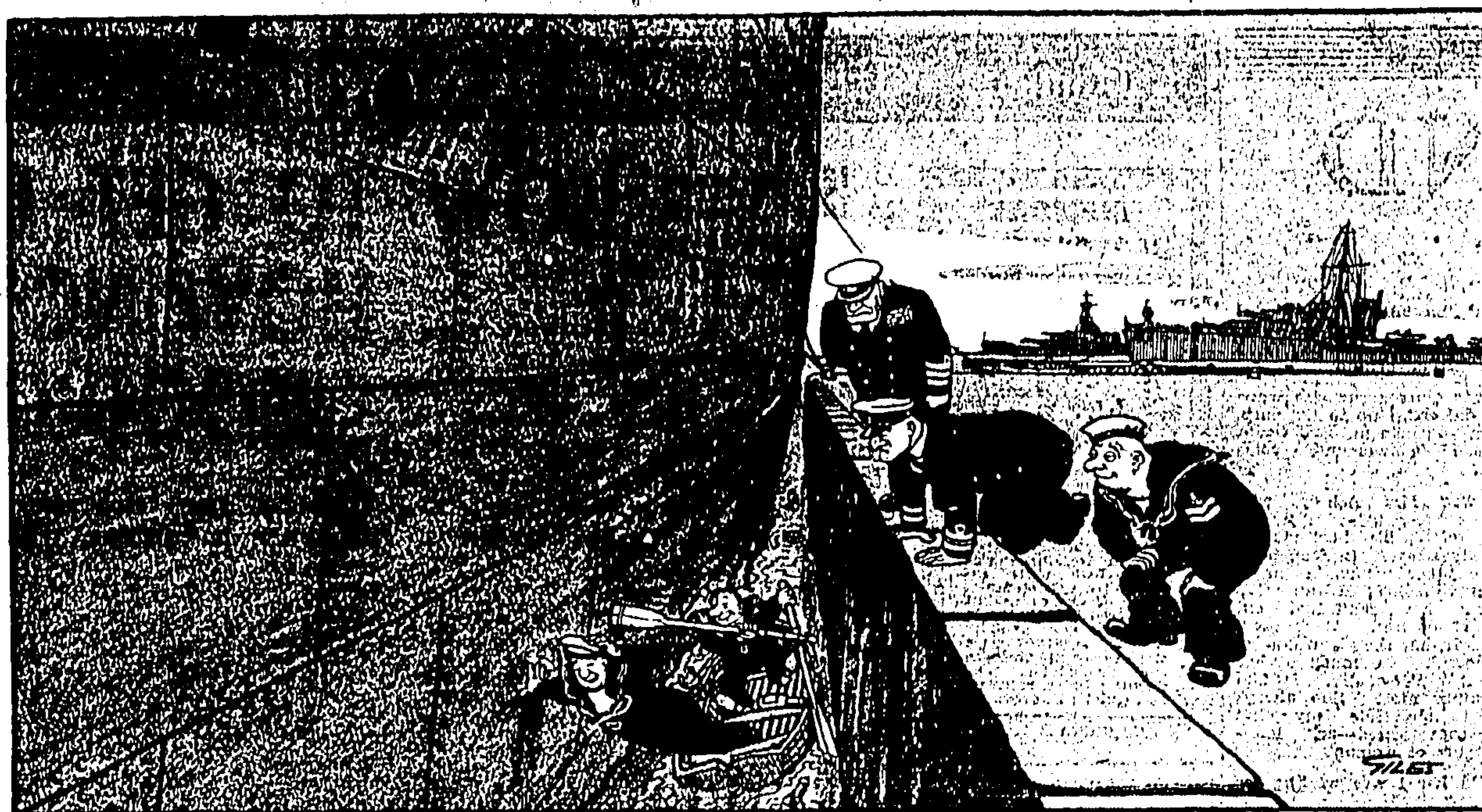
The incident was described in the French paper, *Figaro*, by Georges Ravon, a special correspondent who was accompanying the tourists. "A young girl (Maroussia) detached herself from the crowd before our hotel — the rumour of our arrival having spread — and proposed that she should take us to the home of some friends who would be delighted to welcome us."

"It is not far. A few minutes' walk and we stand before an apartment house similar to dwellings of moderate rental in our own country. Although it was mid-afternoon boxes of refuse were still standing in the vestibule when Maroussia left us to announce our arrival. "A quarter of an hour went by without any sign of the return of our new friend. Passersby formed a circle round us, curious, smiling, and showing the most lively affection for the French visitors. Soon the sound of a strange whistle heralded the arrival of the police, who cleared the pavement. At last, after about half an hour, Maroussia reappeared, accompanied by a woman with a shawl over her head. Both dived off in haste without looking at us. Maroussia knew us no more and we did not get inside a Soviet home."

IF LEFT . . .

Ravon makes a perfectly clear statement that the citizens of Odessa, left to themselves, would gladly have admitted the French tourists to their homes. On the arrival of the Soviet leaders in political structure "should not be a hindrance to our living in good neighbourly co-operation, actively and improving our relations."

But if Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev really want to establish normal relations with the non-Communist countries, an important contribution would be the lifting of the Stalinist restrictions still imposed upon foreign visitors to — and residents in — the USSR.



"It's not the Russians sticking bombs under the ship, Sir—only me and Albert coming home a bit late." London Express Service

The porter hid the secret note under his tongue . . . and soon the Prime Minister was taking steps to rescue

THE PRISONER IN PORTLAND PLACE

THEY called him "the Father of the Chinese Republic"; he was the man who inspired the revolution which ended feudalism in China and finally overthrew the last of the Manchu emperors. Yet, in London nearly 60 years ago, he was known simply as "the prisoner in Portland Place."

He was the central figure of the strangest "diplomatic incident" that London has ever known.

Sun Yat-sen was then 29 years old. He had not long graduated from the Hong-kong medical school, where he had met and consorted with secret revolutionaries whose one aim was the setting up of a Chinese democratic republic.

In 1895 he took part in an attempted revolutionary coup. It failed: and the price of failure, as Sun's fellow-conspirators later discovered, was death. But Sun was lucky: he managed to escape, and he fled to England.

Captured

AND so, from his new home in London at No. 8 Gray's Inn Place, Sun Yat-sen began to organise the exiled Chinese into his revolutionary movement, to collect funds for the revolutionaries and to disseminate his anti-Manchu propaganda throughout the world. So successful was he that the Imperial Chinese



SUN YAT-SEN

Government demanded his capture alive or dead and a price of £100,000 was placed on his head.

Now in London Sun had an influential friend, Sir James Cantile, the surgeon, who had been his medical guide and mentor in Hong-kong. At this time Cantile lived in Devonshire Street and frequently Sun would visit him.

Sun would walk from Gray's Inn Place to Devonshire Street (for he lived frugally and could rarely afford the luxury of a hansom cab) through the maze of streets north of Oxford Street and then across Portland Place.

And in Portland Place lay the Chinese Legation. How often, through the discreetly curtained windows, must the officials of the Legation,

friends of the Emperor, have observed passing by the slight, youthful figure of the man with £100,000 on his head.

"Be careful," friends must have warned Sun. "One of these days you will pass the Legation once too often."

And one night in October, 1896, he did just that.

He had hardly crossed the sweeping width of Portland Place when two men sprang from the doorway of the Legation. Sun had not time to call for help before his arms were pinioned and he was bundled inside the building. And once inside (as

ONE OF THE
WORLD'S
STRANGEST
STORIES,
TOLD BY
HAROLD
WALTON

Sun himself knew) he was no longer protected by British justice. He was officially on Chinese soil.

He was hurried upstairs to an attic, the door was locked upon him and he was left to ponder on his possible fate—a slow boat to China, and there, death by the sword.

How could he communicate with the outside world? That was the question he kept asking himself. The little window of his attic was barred, and though Sun tried calling through it no one heard his cries.

He tried writing a short note and dropping it through the window, but this was caught by the wind and lost in the London streets.

But then came a stroke of good fortune. It so happened that the Legation had an English porter, a Mr. George Cole (who was later to live in Blum Road, Holloway) and Sun was placed under his care.

Cole's job was to serve Sun with his meals, look after his clothes, keep his room warm and so forth. The two Chinese who kept guard outside the attic door told Cole: "This man is only a poor lunatic. He will not hurt you."

But as the days passed Cole began to feel worried. His prisoner was obviously no lunatic. He was a man of education and

culture, and, what was more, he claimed to be a Christian.

And every time Cole went to him the man pleaded: "Tell Sir James Cantile I am here. For God's sake tell him soon!"

Cole communicated his fears to his wife. And she, a woman of character and action, wrote at once to Sir James Cantile.

Sir James at first could hardly believe her story. He asked for more evidence. "If this man indeed be Sun Yat-sen, tell him to write me a note. I cannot do anything on such flimsy evidence as this," he said.

Cole, after wrestling with his conscience (for he felt he owed some loyalty to his employers), finally agreed to smuggle out a note. But how to do so, without exciting the Legation's suspicions?

Together he and Sun Yat-sen worked out a plan.

A Note

ONE day Cole took up a small tin of coal (by a happy chance the weather had now turned cold) and Sun hid his note underneath it. Soon afterwards Cole went back to the room, ostensibly to refill the scuttle.

He returned with it to the basement, recovered the note, placed it under his tongue and went out into Portland Place. Within minutes he was in Devonshire Street at the home of Sir James Cantile.

Sir James read the note with increasing concern. It said: "I was kidnapped on Sunday last by two Chinese and forcibly taken into the Chinese Legation. I am imprisoned and in a day or two I am to be shipped off to China in a specially chartered vessel. I am certain to be beheaded. Oh, woe is me."

Sir James decided on immediate action. He went at once to Marylebone police station, showed the note, and demanded that the police should accompany him to the Legation.

To his surprise the police refused to do any such thing. It was no concern of theirs, they said, what went on in the Legation of a foreign country. They were very sorry—Sir James, they said, had acted correctly: in reporting the facts—but there was nothing they could do.

A Promise

BUT Sir James was not to be put off. Angry and indignant he went to Scotland Yard. Surely they could help him. But the answer was the same: the Chinese Legation was Chinese territory, and no British policeman could set foot inside it.

Sir James was now in despair. Then he thought of an old acquaintance at the Foreign Office. To him he told his story.

This time he obtained a promise. It was that the matter would be brought at once to the attention of the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury.

So to the Prime Minister it went. And Lord Salisbury, his house of English justice righteously outraged, sent off three



Two men sprang from the doorway . . . His arms were pinioned. This is the entrance to the old Chinese Legation at 49, Portland Place.

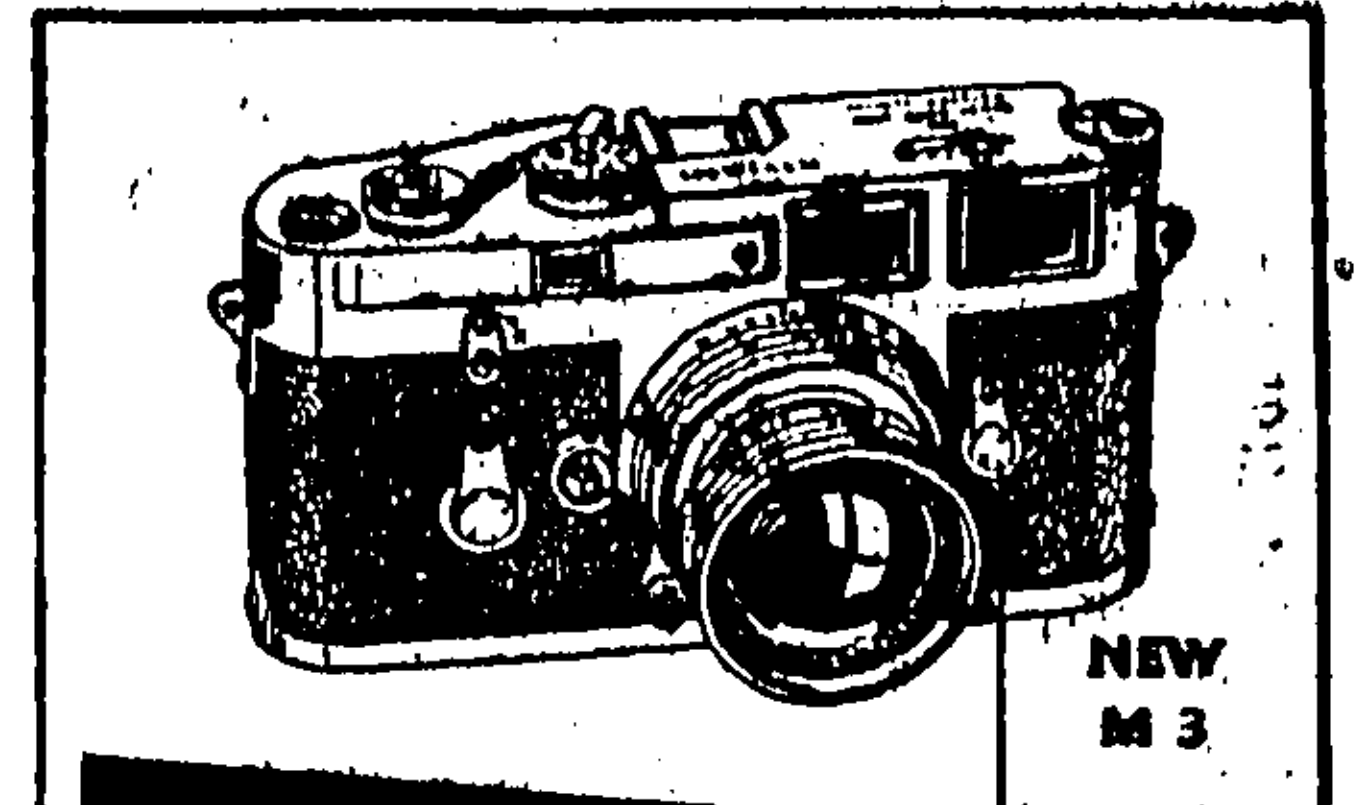
and then a peremptory demand to the Chinese Legation that Sun Yat-sen, "illegally kidnapped in an English street," should immediately be set free.

And the same morning two hefty British plainclothes men were put on duty outside the Legation with orders to interfere at once if any person or bulky package were brought out.

The Legation, however, gave in. The door of Sun Yat-sen's attic was opened and he was told to go. And go he did—to become, in the fullness of time, the first President of the new China and the acclaimed "Father of the Republic."

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THE BOOM IN LEARNING

By YORKE HENDERSON

SEVENTEEN years ago a young publisher called Leonard Cutts had an idea for a new series of books. His firm was dubious. But the young man persisted.

He launched the "Teach Yourself" series.

Last year the series' sales — just announced — topped 6,000,000 copies. They sold in almost every country in the world.

Among its titles you can find anything from piano to Persian, from physiology to philosophy. At first the series started with the obvious things — Latin, French, Mathematics. Then came the war and Cutts launched into immediately practical fields: "Teach Yourself to Fly," "Teach Yourself Navigation."

After the war he moved into more difficult territory. C.E.M. Joad's "Teach Yourself Philosophy" was obviously a gamble. Yet it rocketed into the best-seller lists.

Since then "Ethics," "Psychical Research" and "Psychology" have all made the grade.

Now Mr. Cutts proposes to put Nuclear Physics on the lists. But he hasn't forgotten the old fields — the grocery business and a "Guide to Western Thought" are both on the way.

Mr. Cutts promises nothing in six easy lessons. Not even in 10 easy lessons. The books are designed to provide the backbone to the field they cover. They are usually easy reading — but their contents are not easy to learn.

They are not intended to gloss over difficulties. One result of the policy is that the books grace the shelves of university dons as well as crossing-sweepers, of judges as well as housewives.

How, then, to explain their popularity?

Over the years they have proved themselves. They contain the keys to the fields they purport to cover. They do not let the reader down.

As the world has grown more complex so the ordinary man's desire to preserve his grip on it has grown. "Teach Yourself" is the man-in-the-street's answer to the expert. It will not teach him to do the expert's job. But it will teach him to distinguish between the real expert and the phony and to understand the expert.

(COPYRIGHT)

LIFE WITH ALLEN

FOGBOUND

By Gerald Allen

THE fog had been hanging about all day. But after dark, it came down with a vengeance. It took me two hours to get home from the office, and I arrived feeling frozen and fed-up. Molly was out visiting some friends. I thought of going to see her home, but decided she was probably on her way already.

I switched on the electric fire and got out a half-bottle of rum left over from Christmas. After a couple of bright, things, the fog seemed to have the makings of an adventure—to be a sort of challenge. I had another lot and decided that I wasn't the sort of man to shrink a challenge, and said as much to the cat, which had come in to complain about weather conditions.

One more drink and I was ready to face the perils of the night and rescue my beloved wife from the clutches of the fog—or, at least, to walk up to the bus stop and meet her. Seizing my coat and a torch, I made for the door.

"Goodbye, puss. Exit Jet Allen, first citizen of the Fog Age," I cried to the cat.

The cat turned over and went to sleep.

★ ★ ★

The fog was thicker than ever but, with the sure instinct of the hunter, I followed the line of front garden fences and made good progress.

Halfway down the road, I literally ran up against Gunter.

"Going home, old man?" he asked in a patronising voice. "I'm just going up to the main road to lead a hand directing the traffic."

"You'll be a big help, you're walking the wrong way," I sneered.

"Nonsense. You've lost your sense of direction."

"I tell you you're going towards home," I asserted. "I'm going towards the main road."

Gunter got quite heated about it (he's the sort of chap who can never believe he's wrong), but finally I convinced him he just might be mistaken.



Gentleness means so much

GENTLE moments come as a welcome pause in the hurry of modern living. And a gentle smoke brings needed solace, too. That's why this new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, has such special appeal for our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the fresh unfiltered flavour—of today's new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.

New Philip Morris...gentle for modern taste

Continuing 'DATELINE & DEADLINE'... the 'inside' stories of RENE MacCOLL

MEMORY REFRESHER...



In February 1948 British Honduras was threatened with invasion from Guatemala. The Government answered this threat by sending a force of 700 men to the trouble spot. Result: order restored.

CHAPTER FOUR

FOR some little time there had been a trickle of odd messages coming out of Belize, the capital of British Honduras.

Now there were rumours of something big—but no one was sure what. The cruiser Sheffield had been paying a visit to Belize, had left—and was now racing back.

What was up? The suggestion that Guatemala, the neighbouring banana State, which traditionally regards British Honduras as an irredentist goal of hers, might be contemplating warlike action seemed ludicrously far-fetched. And yet...

In Fleet Street they decided to get the down to Belize from my Washington post. They cabled.

The first thing went wrong. The cable company delivered the message in error to the office of one of our greatest competitors. They immediately set

• IF you want to be a foreign correspondent, you have to be ready to keep on at an assignment for much longer than you originally thought it was going to last. Stories have a way of telescoping. You have to be persistent. You have got to keep travelling; skip sleeping. I cannot think of a better example of this sort of foreign assignment than the strange episode of the "threat" to British Honduras in February 1948.

about getting their own man on to the same plane.

They also took their time about letting me see the message from my London office. When I finally got it, there was only just enough time for me to hurl a few things into a bag, and hustle for the airport.

At Belize Airport all seemed peaceful—and dull. No one showed the slightest sign of excitement. Nothing was happening except that Alex (the late Alexander Clifford, then of the Daily Mail) and I were clean missing that day's big story by about three-quarters of an hour.

What was principally concerning us was slip-up No. 2: The plane which had deposited us in Belize had taken off again—with all our luggage still on board, to Guatemala City, capital of the "enemy" country.

LOSING MY SHIRT

ALEX and I stared at one another in mutual fury. Luckily we both had our pyjamas on, and were wearing

we were twenty and crumpled and tired-looking to change our shirts. No shirts.

We moodily bumped into town along an atrocious, jagged, flanked road. I got the sensation of a fast-moving, corrugated iron, spattered about at the mouth of a river.

Cutting short a dismal meal at our decaying dump of an hotel, we went in search of a story. Pinnacles from the Sheffield were coming and going, and on the jetty the Navy (the Sheffield carried a crew of 700 and 10 machines) had set up shore H.Q. with ample signal apparatus to keep in touch with the ship. A shore unit was even then settling forth on a "showing the flag" march through and about the capital.

Anyway, Alex and I sought out the Cable and Wireless depot, which was reached by an exterior flight of wooden stairs, and sat down to bat out our pieces.

Now came slip-up No. 3. We discussed whether it was worth going all the way back to the chit-chat again to see whether there was any news of our lost bags.

Finally we decided against it; and I hate to admit that the deciding factor was that one of the officials with whom we had been talking earlier had pressed us to return to his home after we had sent off our stories and have a bath.

In our sweaty, tired state the prospect was tremendously tempting. What was there to be gained by going back to the airport? We had seen it that morning, and there had been nothing there in the way of a marvellous display beyond one coloured policeman with a revolver.

In not going back I was breaking a fundamental rule of re-

porting: Take nothing for granted.

Hot baths, clean shirts, cool drinks, good meals—there is all the time in the world for those later on. Tomorrow, the day after. But there will never be another chance to write today's story.

DRINKS AND CHIT CHAT

SO off we went to this official's house and wasted time with the baths and the drinks and the chit-chat. There was one little thing that did make us a bit suspicious, but not quite

suspicious enough. The telephone rang, and in the subsequent conversation our man said—it sounded a trifle reassuringly—"It's all right, they are both here with me now."

We went back to the loose-boxes at the hotel, spruced up as best we could, and then set out for the jetty. A signal had come over that the officers of the Sheffield would like us to dine with them.

A pinocce took us out and we were gratefully sinking a couple of large pink gins in the joy of life vanished as one of the officers said, "Good show out at the airfield this afternoon."

"What was?" we asked fear-

Then out it all came—the Marines, in full battle-array, had been rushed out to the airfield while we were having our bath; had dug slit trenches; installed high-angle guns for A.A. work, and machine-guns, and dug bomb shelters. They were standing by now through the night on "battle watch." It would have made the perfect lead to our stories.

If ever I felt a first-class chump it was then—and I wasn't made any happier by the knowledge that we had been nearly involved into going out of circulation while the operation was on...

The emergency ended as quickly as it blew up. We decided to have a look at the "enemy," and off we flew to Guatemala City.

A censorship on our stuff was in force at the cable office. I tried the radio station. Laughably, no censorship there. I sent back a full, detailed account of a student demonstration at the British Legation.

'THROW THEM OUT'

It came back next day—and wasn't like. The amusingly named impartial newspaper remarked: "R. M. MacColl, of the Daily Express, must be considered persona non grata in our country."

Their editor, a character called David Bela, called at our hotel and asked the manager to have the radio thrown out. The manager, much to his credit, refused to be high-pressed.

Next we heard that steps were being taken at the Foreign Office. Our arrests were imminent. The Foreign Office spokesman denounced us all as "filthy British spies."

We decided to get going. A quick rush to get visas from the Salvadoran Consulate and five of us—four other British reporters and myself—caught the plane to "neutral" San Salvador and hired a car to get us to the city.

It was a long drive. Time went past. It was getting on for six. The city at last—then near-disaster.

CRASH... AND CROWBARS

OUT of a side road came racing a battered lorry, with a great long girder balanced on its top. It rushed towards us and braked at the last moment. There was a collision and the girder, thrusting forward, crashed through the window.

We were trapped. Someone fetched a crowbar and prised off one of the doors. We shot out into freedom.

Then it was a question of every man for himself. We were all hunched over our portables, grinding out our stories.

Just as I was finishing my story a telephone went. One of my colleagues answered it. "No, he's not here," I heard him say. "No idea, old boy—sorry." He hung up.

When I got back to Washington I learned that the call had been from my colleague, Henry Lowrie, on late duty in New York. He had placed the call on the off-chance.

If I could have taken that call I would have been an hour or more ahead of the crowd. I could have dictated my stuff to Henry in a few minutes, and he would have pushed it across the Atlantic on the master-cable in a few minutes more.

So this assignment, which had begun with the cable line astray, ended with the telephone call doing the same.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
The Sacking of
General MacArthur

LESLIE DANIELLS pierces a curtain and discovers that

FEAR STILL LURKS IN EAST BERLIN

IN the Russian zone of Berlin, next door to the ornate cathedral, is the National Gallery. On exhibition there is the great collection of Dresden pictures which have been returned to Germany from a long sojourn in Moscow.

Their return was, of course, an international event, raising the query: "How have they fared in exile?" As far as I can judge, they have returned in good health.

But what constantly intrigued me in inspecting this stupendous collection, almost reverently staged, was that this was the Communist sector of Berlin.

For predominantly this is a religious collection—and one of the greatest in the world.

Main treasure

For instance, its main treasure is the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, surely the most tender and human of all the religious paintings.

There it is enthroned at the end of the principal gallery. The emotions leap as you get your first glimpse of this masterpiece, so low in hiding.

This wealth of art from all the great schools of European painting is almost overwhelming. A

remarkable line of Canaletto has to be content with a dingy cross-hall, and innumerable small rooms you come across masterpieces that galleries elsewhere would be more than grateful to receive.

But by and large the ascendant pieces are finely displayed—and that mostly means the Madonnas.

The gallery itself badly needs "a facelift," and the attendants seemed as if they were ordinary "civilians" recruited for the occasion. Many are women, and almost invariably they were in tweeds and thick stockings. Formidable guardians indeed!

Fearsome

There is little to stop you going to East Berlin—as long as you behave yourself! Even so, I was told, Americans are shy going. The idea of suddenly being whisked away to more fearsome to them than to other Westerners.

Before I went, I had been told a great deal about it.

"Just look at people's faces there," I was urged. And because of the tremendous amount of propaganda pumped into you on both sides of the curtain, I was prepared to be contrary—and find the people all smiling.

But I was wrong. West Berlin has its acres of bomb damage still, but its shopping streets are cheerful. So are its people, in their cynical way. East Berlin is just downright depressing.

Some streets were almost deserted. Children (they look quite healthy) played here and there among the ruins. There seemed no cars about at all; certainly East Berlin was

no car-owning democracy. It came as quite a shock to see, trundling along the streets, drags drawn by pairs of weary-looking horses. And this seemed a substantial method of freight transport in the Russian sector.

I did see people smiling—but not many. Mostly they looked careworn, and, if not shabby, their clothes were unglamorous.

Then we turned into the Stalinallee, the broad, bright monumental new thoroughfare the East Germans have built. Stalina was still on his pedestal; Berliners of East and West wonder how long. Nobody had even got around to tarring and feathering it when I saw the statue.

The Stalinallee is quite impressive in a tasteless sort of way even though it does end in a jumble of ruins. I went into one of its big department stores, the front of which was adorned by one of those pompous and wearisome slogans you find so much in evidence.

She cringed

It was a state-owned store, very institutional. You climbed from floor to floor up hard stone steps. I was told the goods would be shoddy—and they were. The cos. of shoes—though this seemed a reasonably isolated item—was fantastic, the equivalent of more than £10 a pair.

I suppose the suits of our party looked "city-slicker." Maybe we seemed like some prominent Communists being shown round. But going down the stairs a woman cringed

against the wall to let me pass. I was horrified.

Of course, world politics are real and earnest. But if you aren't politically conscious, the situation in Berlin just strikes you as silly—and degrading.

It is so stupid that this vast city should be cut in two and that guards should pirouette at the Brandenburg Gate, where East meets West.

Not that they stop you. Their job is mainly a customs check. But it is a far different matter where the city moves into the Russian zone. There you come up against the sharpest frontier in Europe.

The frontier

I went to see one of these frontier posts at the end of a pleasant tree-lined avenue. Diagonally across the road was a row of stunts. That was as far as I could go—and I did not go quite as far.

Fifty yards ahead, clustered around a hut, were green-garbed People's Police, tommy-guns at hip. They surveyed me through field glasses. I hoped they thought I was somebody very important!

But the most revealing thing about the frontier was a telephone box, set just off the road—and just within American-controlled territory.

That call-box had a wooden screen in front of it—and it was a symbol of the fear that lurked.

It was there so that people from the Eastern zone could cross the border, dart quickly through some nearby bushes, and ring up their friends in Berlin—without being watched by those binoculars.

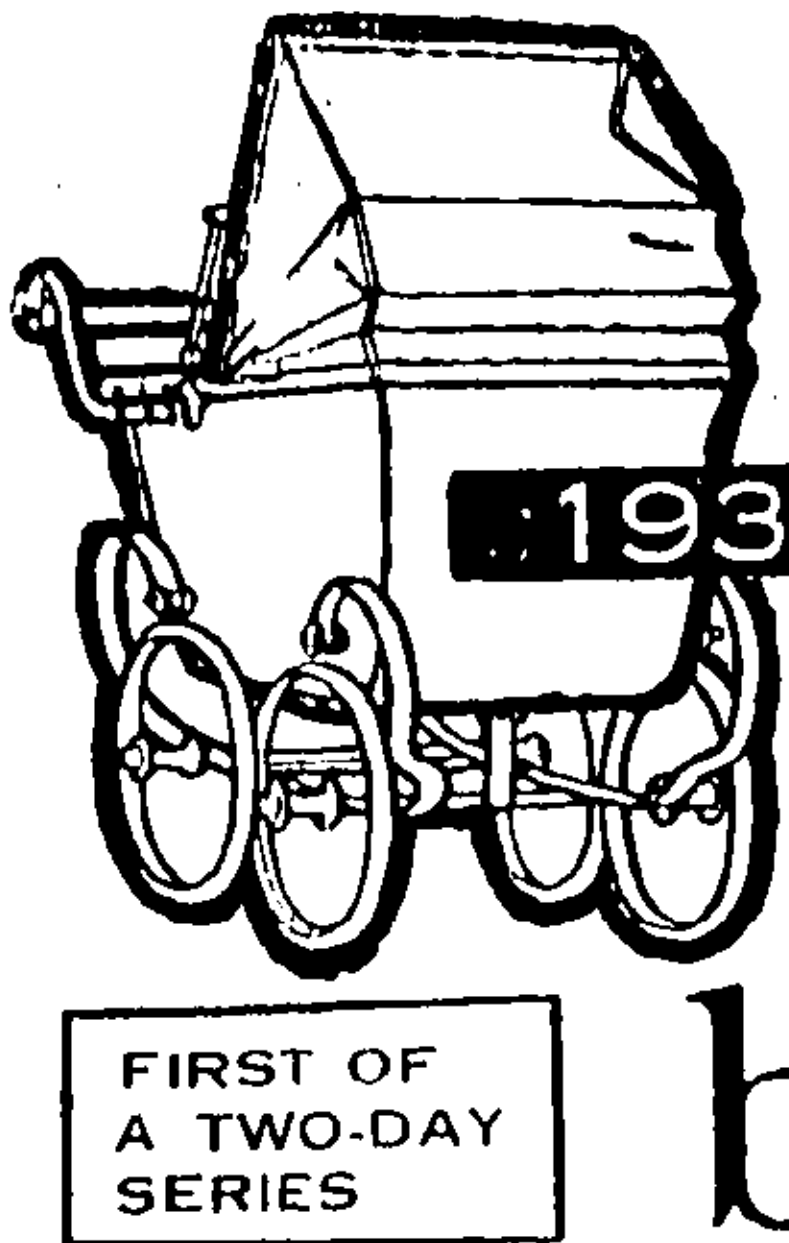
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





Atom bombs apart, it's probably the biggest thing in our lives today... the tremendous change IN JUST A GENERATION towards the business of having a baby.

The difference between Mother and Me

BY... SHIRLEY LOWE

THIS report is about one thing—the astonishing difference that 25 years has made to the business of having a baby and being a mother. It is the difference between my parents' generation and my own—and, atom bombs apart, it is just about the biggest thing that is happening in the world today.

I am not going to jot down a lot of medical statistics. I never understand statistics. I am going to show the way 25 years of changing thought has altered the mother of today from her mother back in the early 'thirties.

And, of course, the biggest difference of all can be summed up in a phrase: Going out to work.

Going out to work before you have the baby. Going out to work after you've had it.

A business—not a hobby

TO the mother of 1930 the business of having babies really was a business and not a part-time hobby. She knew that her job was baby-feeding, child-rearing, and teenage-guiding.

She knew that any suggestion that she should do a job would be greeted with mocking laughter from her husband and shocked disapproval from her neighbours.

But today there are around 1,500,000 married women working in England. A large percentage have children. Somehow they have managed to combine the boss's "I want you to be in early tomorrow morning to type that report, Miss Smith," with the child's "Mummy, I've got spots. I feel sick and there's a funny feeling in my tummy."

It depends on the woman which one wins, but 90 percent of working mothers will tell you that the boss just hasn't a chance.

NOW: take a look at the girl on the right of this page. She is a 22-year-old model, married to a publisher, and living in a basement flat in Knightsbridge. Her name is Gillian Rowse, but what is more important is that although she is having a baby in two months' time she is still on the model agency's list, and was able to pose for this picture for us.

Today's brides are younger

GILLIAN ROWSE typifies the modern attitude to being a mother. She says: "I should like to go on working. And I should like to have five more children."

A family of six is gradually becoming less of a local sideshow. We are marrying younger, and we are having bigger families. Three out of ten modern brides are under 21. Which is probably why our mothers always consider us

too young to marry. They had to wait until they had saved up enough money for a home, furniture, and what grandma referred to as: "A nice little sum for a rainy day."

NOW we have full employment. A woman keeps on her job and earns good money, even though working women are more liable to lose their first baby

than those who stay at home. NOW, every girl is taught about family planning. A subject that was only whispered about in 1930, it is now a necessary topic for any mother-daughter chat.

NOW we have hire purchase. £5 down and 12 monthly instalments make a dining-room table. It helps when you have no capital but plenty of earning power.

Mother mistrusted these three things. She waited around for a husband. She married. She had a baby. And she would not look at a wedding ring

until her home was paid up and hers. It is a sound principle. But this is what a man who deals in broken marriages has to say. Joseph Brayshaw, chairman of the Marriage Guidance Council: "The very essence of marriage has changed. The husband and wife are now equal, and their partner-

ship requires continuous discussion and agreement. It is a far more adult relationship and far harder. "If a woman works she has an interest, and she is much less likely to be a dull wife and possessive mother-in-law. Qualities that make splendid mothers make the very worst mothers-in-law."

"And what is going to happen to a stay-at-home wife when her family is grown up? Only a couple of generations ago most women were doing with children until she was 45, and she was dead at 55. The modern mother is pushed with her children at 40, and since her life span is 70 she still has half her life to go."

And someone else who knows a lot about the modern mother. Mrs. Esther Trott, matron of a London County Council day nursery. She has listened to all the arguments against working mothers. She says: "It is no sense to say women go out to work to pay for the television. Most of them go out to work to find a deposit for furniture, or to pay for a council flat instead of one room. They do not sit down and weep about their conditions, they go out and do something about it."

Yet it is the thoughts and theories of our parents that have formed our thoughts and theories. The odd thing is that they are so very different. "You wait— is dying"

MOTHER believed that children should be seen and not heard, and that father was the disciplinarian. Maybe it is because we do not see our children so much, we believe that they should be seen and heard as much as possible. And "You wait till your father gets home" is a dying phrase.

At the time that a woman's place is in the home. We think a woman's place is where she and her husband decide it should be. Mother felt that when she was having a baby she should rest and retire to a dark room in a spotted smock. We feel the best thing is to exercise, put on the prettiest thing we can find and go out to a party. (See Gillian in that photograph again please.)

Mother cherished us and protected us against everything. We discuss things with the children, take them out with us and tend to make them adult earlier. If mother had a row with father she threatened to go home to mother. These days a girl goes to the Citizens Advice Bureau, the Marriage Guidance Council or a friend.

Mother long ago reconciled herself to sitting home when father went out with the boys. Mother long ago reconciled herself to sitting home when father went out with the boys.

They are still the three Ps. Sixty-two percent is fidelity. Forty-seven percent is love. Thirty-two percent is inexperience in money matters.

PICTURE BY WARD HART

down to the local, off to a large meeting. Not any more. The modern wife does not sit home darning socks. She goes out too. Maybe we are wrong. Maybe mother was right. But the fascinating fact (just one little statistic) is that although the meaning of marriage and motherhood has changed completely it has had no part in breaking up homes. The marriage breakers have not changed the same for many a year.

They are still the three Ps. Sixty-two percent is fidelity. Forty-seven percent is love. Thirty-two percent is inexperience in money matters.

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MORE ON MONDAY



GILLIAN ROWSE, aged 22. Prettiest thing and a party for her

TRAGEDY ENDS DYLAN'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH

And For His Epitaph: 'Lovable He Was, Man, And Humble'

JOHN MARSHALL

concludes the story of Dylan Thomas, the most fantastic character of our time.

DYLAN THOMAS was unpredictable, an intensely human being of the strangest contrasts, the serious poet and the gay, reckless Bacchanalian, the caustic, cynical talker and the tender son, husband, father.

Such a contradictory character was bound to be the subject of myths.

It was untrue said that he quarrelled with his parents. He had a deep affection for them both and one of the most poignant of all his poems was written for his father, not in memoriam, as has been stated, but a year or so before his death when he was frail and going blind. That fact gives the poem sharp meaning:

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage, against the dying of the light.

Hugh Griffith once asked Dylan to play the Fool in "Lea," "By," said Dylan, "that's ending close to nature."

A fatal move

FEW people have ever parted with their money so readily. Once he was given a £50 advance to write a book on Wales. He could not write about Wales in Wales said he, so he went to London, a fatal move, his friends being so glad to see him, and the price of vodka being what it was. In the end the publishers settled for a book of stories.

He sold "Under Milk Wood" to Felheim Court for the Home-Printed literary review, Botteghe Oscure, sending the

first half, promising the rest. The Princess was content to publish instead three letters from Dylan, one full of apologies and lamentations, "Gag the tradesmen, I must write. Alma, for the love of writing. Perhaps I should be better off pulling teeth."

How bitterly ironical that poverty should have stalked him to his death and that financial success should have followed so swiftly after.

Too late

TRULY he had himself to blame in part, for his works did sell well in his lifetime—the "Collected Poems" 10,000 copies, a high figure for modern poetry.

In the past two years sales have zoomed so that, with royalties from recordings too, and the help of the trust fund launched by his friends, the outlook for his family looks much less stark.

"Under Milk Wood," that glowing uproarious play for voices which is better known to the public than any other of his works, brought Dylan little but ecstatic applause before his death. It was first broadcast three months after he died, and since then the book has sold 50,000 copies. It is indeed fortunate that it ever was finished, for the second part seemed to torment Dylan through the last year of his life.

When he went to America in the spring of 1953, the last visit but one, the main purpose was to present it. But it was well short of completion when he read it to a delighted audience and it was not a lot further advanced shortly before the first production with a full cast, including Dylan himself, was due in May.

Alas! Dylan, it is clear, was tumbling down that terrible one-way hill of excess which is so easy, especially for a celebrity in America, to get on to. So difficult to leave—like one of those terrifying "turnpike" motor roads.

With party after party in his honour, with the neon lights of a thousand bars shining (in New York, at least) until 4 a.m., with Third Avenue and "the Village" beckoning, with a merciless deluge of highballs and "old-fashioned" and knock-out drop. Martinis descending upon the unrobust, normally beer-drinking poet, the effect was catastrophic.

He read the play unfinished, and triumphed. It was still incomplete when it was due to be given for the first time.

On tour again

ACCORDING to Mr Brinnin,* 20 minutes before the curtain went up fragments were being handed to the actors and some reached them on the stage.

It was an improvised ending, but the applause was fortissimo. Back in Britain the BBC persuaded him to finish it and they actually received the final version just before his death. It was first broadcast the following January.

The last performance in which Dylan took part was at the Poetry Centre, New York, on October 25 a fortnight before his death and was said to be his greatest performance in America.

Gloomy were the auspices for that last tour. Dylan did not want to go. His wife did

not want him to go. He spoke brave words about his future plans.

To "Ralph the books" (from whom he borrowed the fare to London) he said he was going to write more, broadcast more, earn real money when he came back before Christmas. To Phillip Burton (Richard Burton is his adopted son), with whom he spent an evening talking "wonderfully" for four hours about his projected opera libretto for Stravinsky and a new play, he said: "I've got another 20 or perhaps 25 years to live. I am going to try new things."

Yet to others he gave the impression that he expected the fulfilment of an early prophecy that he would not live to be 40, and to one friend he said: "I am in an awful state of debt and near despair. I am drowned in undone work and writs."

Mr Burton says he sensed that evening that Dylan felt he was coming to the end of his first lyrical impulse. He talked affectionately of a new poem about his father as if it was likely to be the last of his kind. The poem, "Elegy," has been completed by his devoted friends, Vernon Watkins from his notes, and will be published shortly.

The last days

WHAT a brutal, sordid, infinitely sad story it is, the story of Dylan's last days after that last triumph. There was one further party, reading, at a private party, when Dylan had rallied from a drinking bout. He read, in his glorious voice, from Yeats and W. H. Auden.

From America we have Mr Brinnin's round-by-round account of the last tragic days, culminating in his collapse in his hotel and the coma from which he never emerged.

His wife was listening in Longhams school hall to a programme including a recording of his short broadcast on Laugharne when news came to

her that he was unconscious in hospital.

Arrangements were made for her to be flown to New York. Mr Brinnin has described the "scene" when she reached the hospital. She does not deny it. "I was off my head," she says, and her friends, knowing her anguish, understand. Overwhelmed, she was in another hospital when he died.

'Had no pain'

FROM America the one person with him, by chance, when he died, the poet John Berryman, wrote: "He had been working too hard at rehearsals, depressed and, of course, drinking.... On Monday afternoon he told someone he had never been so drunk as he was on Sunday, when he went to three parties.... He was in continual crisis for four and a half days until he died.... He was never conscious and had no pain."

"He was one of the greatest poets who ever lived."

Today his mortal remains lie beneath a plain wooden cross and a laurel wreath.

Mrs Thomas is making plans to remove him for reburial in the garden of the Boat House.

I think that the epitaph for Dylan Thomas is to be found not in his own poems or the many written in his honour but in the words of the ordinary people in that ordinary pub, Brown's, where the same pin-up decorated the same brown-walled bar; where the table skittered still where he used to play; where Mrs Ivy Williams remembers that he would come in with his shopping basket and a couple of pounds of sweets, one for her; where her husband, Ebby Williams, produces a worn postcard from Arizona announcing that Dylan had at last met some real cowboys:

"He was love-able, was Dil-lan."

"He was that, man, and hum-blo."

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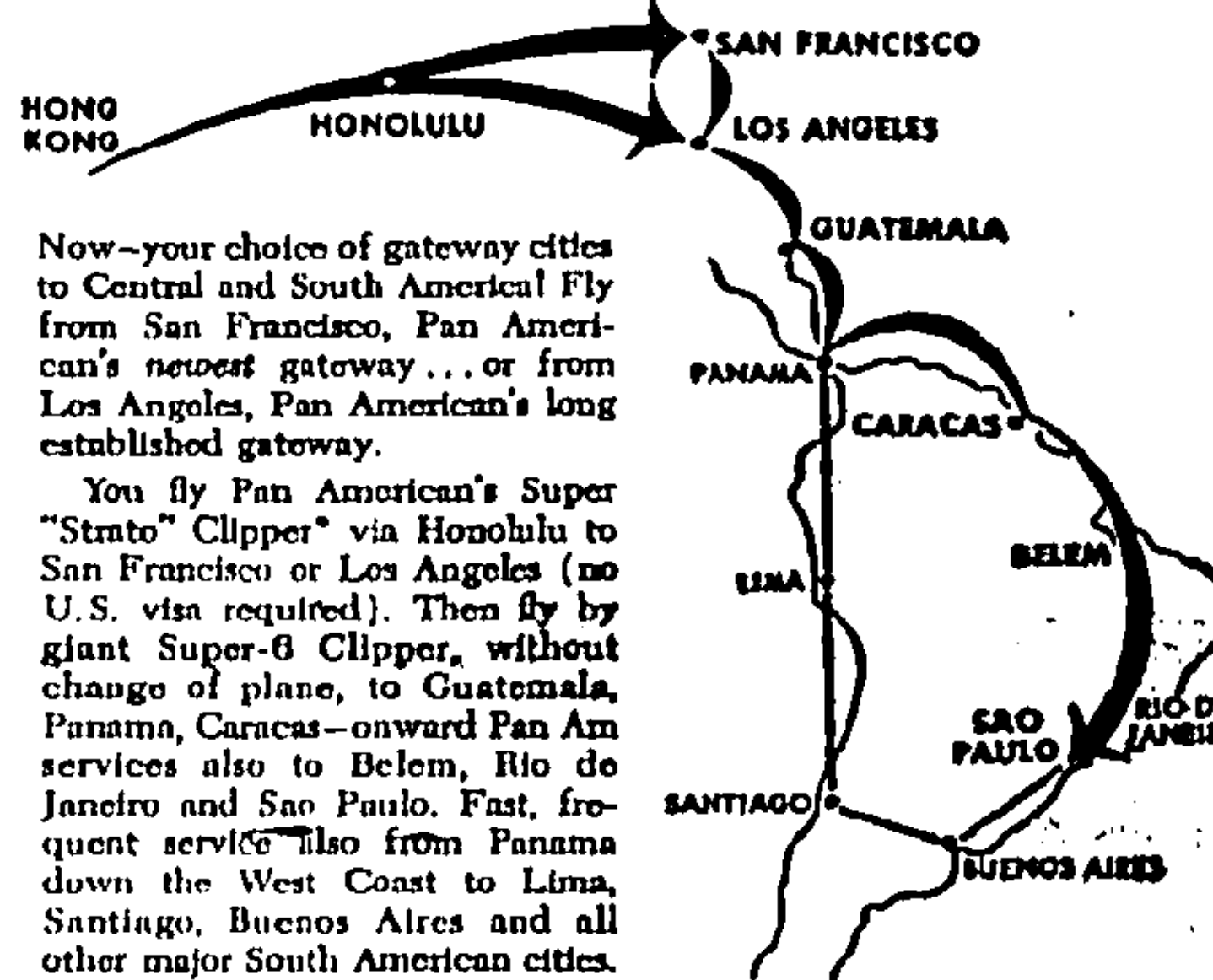
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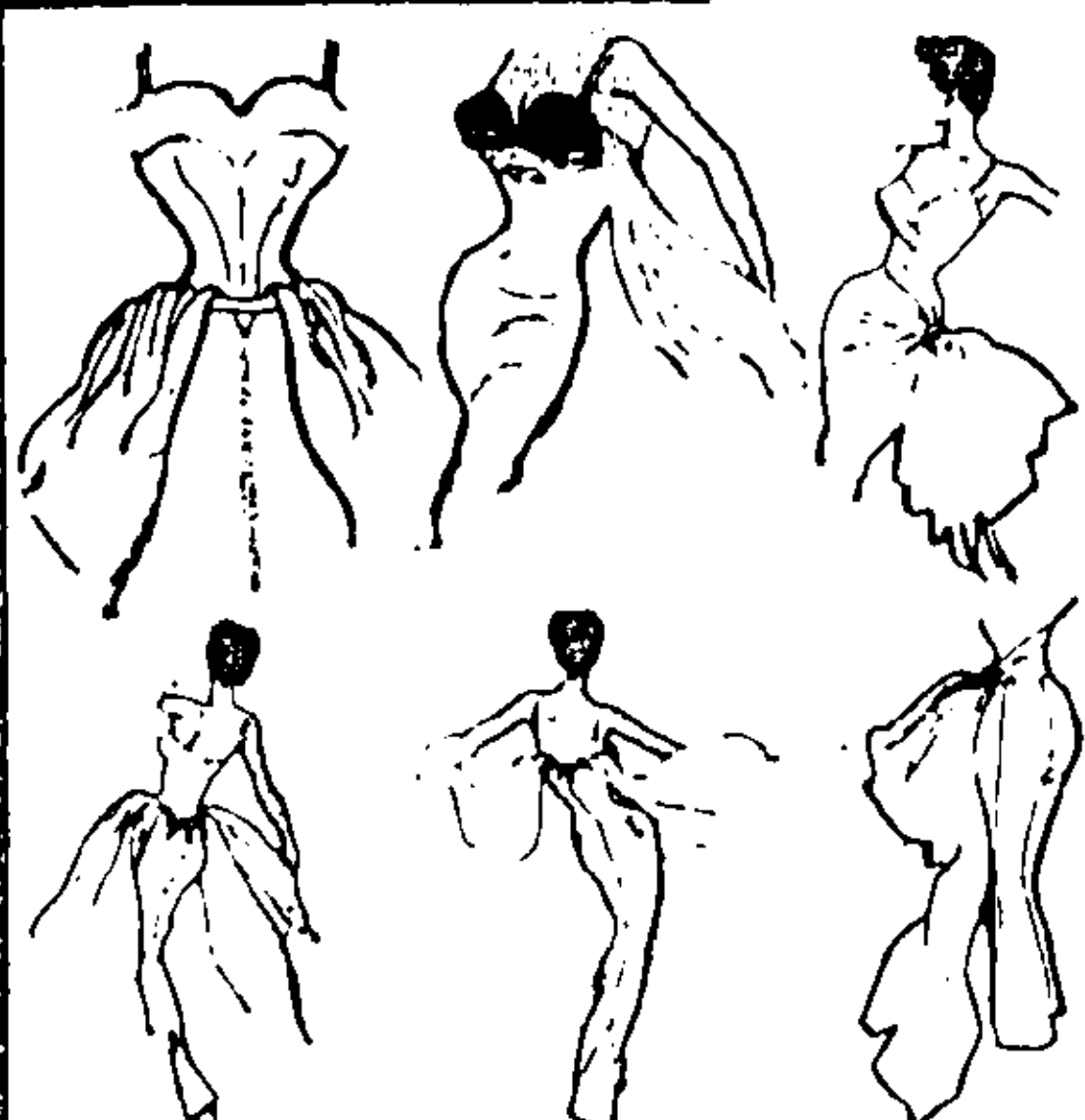
BAYER

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



LENA HORNE CHOOSES LONDON — FOR PARIS

When a top-ranking American star buys her dresses in London to appear in Paris, British fashions make news. That happened a fortnight ago when Lena Horne topped the bill at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. All her dresses were designed and made in London by John Cavanagh. (1) Bouffant panier dress in pale blue and gold lame. (2) Figure-moulding dress in flamingo red paper taffeta. (3) In brilliant blue duchess satin with enormous bow.



1. WITH MOULDED SIDE PANELS 2. IN FLAMINGO RED TAFFETA 3. THE BOW IS ENORMOUS
DRAWINGS BY ROBB

THIS HOSPITAL CATERS TO FATHERS-TO-BE

Pasadena, Tex. — When Mama has her baby in the Pasadena Medical Hospital's new \$200,000 maternity wing, Papa gets plenty of spoiling too. And Mama won't have much to complain about either. Father won't have to pace a waiting room floor, he can watch television, visit the coffee bar, and take a nap on a cloud-soft bed. The hospital will buy him a meal at a restaurant across the street. And if he or other relatives want to see the baby any time, even in the after-enclosed nursery is always open to them. The mother entered all the time she wants after the baby is born in a completely enclosed suite, and she gets a hair-cut and manicure on the hospital—before she goes home—United Press.

If Dancing Is A Battle Of Bruises And Bumps No Thanks—I'd Rather Be A Wallflower

Says EILEEN ASCROFT

MY heart sinks every time I am asked to dance, these days. I know for sure it means a bruised toe, a laddered stocking or a damaged evening slipper. Why, oh why, are middle-aged gentlemen not content to sit over their glass or whisky quietly watching?

The old idea that a woman hates to be a wallflower may have been true when male partners were proficient. But what has happened to the men who were such snappy dancers in the 1930s?

Rhumbas, sambas, mamboes—all these are a mystery to the modern male. He still carries on with his old fox-trot, interspersed with nasty little kicks which, he thinks, give the modern touch.

A JIVING FAN

WORST of all is the elderly business man who fancies

himself as a jiving fan. He certainly doesn't know, and probably doesn't care, that his partner is willing and spectators uttering.

My advice to the man who can't dance is "Sit down and spare the ladies." Unless she is a very loving and tolerant wife, she would rather be a wallflower.

Younger men are not altogether free from blame on the dance floor, either. Manners have deteriorated sadly.

It is unusual for a man these days to thank his dancing partner. And what is more maddening than to be left in the middle of the floor as the music ends, and have to find your own way back to the table?

I can think of only a handful of men who are really good dancers today. Lord Carnegie is good, though he doesn't appear much socially these days.

Lord Blandford is another snappy dancer and Douglas Fairbanks is in the professional class. At political dances, the luckiest partners get Hugh Gaitskill.

Among the diplomats, Dr. Roberto Arias, the Panamanian Ambassador, is outstanding.

Here is one piece of heartening news for women. At one of London's largest dancing schools more men are taking lessons than women. And most of the students are over 40.

Among the reasons given by these praiseworthy pupils for wanting to learn, even at this late age, is the necessity for entertaining customers, attending firm's dances, taking off weight and getting some exercise.



The cost of brushing up their dancing varies from £8 upwards, but a dozen real enthusiasts have actually taken a season ticket for life. It cost them £2,500 each, so some lucky women should reap the benefit!

TARTAN CRAZE

I HAD a preview of some of the attractive clothes that will be shown to Russian women in Moscow in June. Elegant street dresses, with slim lines and Empire tops, and fine wool cocktail frocks predominate—many adorned with jewelled brooches or buttons, a detail that should appeal to women starved for jewellery.

These dresses are wonderful value and I am sure the Russian girls will be wild about them. How good it is to see the British dress trade breaking into a new and inexhaustible market.

I noticed several tartan designs among the models. I wonder if the Russians, too, are going to follow the French and Americans and catch the tartan craze.

CAMOUFLAGE

AN attractive summer idea for camouflaging a winter fireplace comes from Mrs Beatrice Whitehead, of Barnhill Cottages, Wembley Park.

Mrs Whitehead has a handy husband who made a piece of pegwood to fit the frame of the fireplace and painted it to match.

Into the holes he screwed various wire hooks of different shapes, painted them white, and then hung from them home-made cane baskets filled with flowers.

To Jean Simmons' American Baby

I Wonder If The Things You'll Get Will
Make Up For All Those Things You'll Lose

By ANNE EDWARDS

DEAR Baby Granger . . . The news that your parents have decided to make you an American set me wondering: "Would I give my children a better chance in America?"

No doubt of it, there are a lot of common-sense, practical reasons for growing up in America, especially for a child who (unlike you, baby dear) is not on the surplus level—with no special talent and no special pull.

True enough, in America the sky's the limit—if you want the sky.

The things America promises you are all there, I know . . . the chances, the drive, the ready acceptance of new ideas, the open field, the money.

The people I have met who have packed up and gone there are full of plans for going ahead which would be pipe-dreams here, and full too of the friendliness, the freedom from ancient snobbery, the release (for a woman) from a lifetime of scraping carrots and scrubbing floors.

And yet, and yet, would I want my children to become Americans?

ODD ENCOUNTERS

THE question ran through my head as I went around London last week—a week of odd, unexpected encounters. . . . a week in which I met a kindly taxi driver, talked to a stately lady about her stately home, and to a tragic little woman about death and debts, ate some delicious food, listened to a coloured jazz star . . . and took a long bus ride.

It happened like this. I met Lady Leicester—a stately lady who has gone into business with the zest and skill of the vice-president of a sparking plug

firm. She talked managerfully of costs and prices, orders and retail trade, postage and travellers, and sales appeal.

"We'd better go on making those jugs," I heard her say crisply. "They're horrid but they sell."

The pottery which she started with one man in a laundry now employs 14 people, and retails to stores all over the country.

She is making a dive at the American market. "Of course our pottery does have snob appeal. Ghostly, isn't it?"

She bought a hoard of Roman



The meaning of that carrying Lady Leicester's daughter is wearing.

coins and had them turned into earrings (10s. 6d. a pair). She travels round the country getting orders. She uses her lovely daughters as models to show off the brooches and bracelets she makes.

And on the days when her famous home Holkham Hall is open to the public she leads the visitors through the state apartments and then traps them in her pottery shop on the way out.

For what? To keep up an ancient house, it seems, three-quarters of which they cannot even live in. "Without the half-crown visitors and my other efforts," she said, "we couldn't keep up the state apartments at all. And, well, you know the house has been in the family for years."

THE WORK

DO the tourists envy all her treasures? "Why no they mostly say they're glad they haven't all that brass to polish in their homes. It is the polishing we put into it which makes the house lovely. Don't let anyone think

it isn't hard work. The days when it was a luxury to own a big house went out along with the servants."

I went shopping and bought one of the best meals in the world—shoulder of English lamb (cheapest yet), the first fresh mint of the summer, new potatoes (getting cheaper), and a bottle of vin rose.

FAMILY HISTORY

I TOOK A TAXI—and gave a lift to a sad little character in black who was carrying a sleepy four-year-old.

Inside 10 minutes I knew her family history, all about the deaths, the debts, and the small stout "blue" baby in her arms—she discussed it with less heat than most people do their income tax.

I went to hear Louis Armstrong—a sweating figure like a shiny lump of coal in an arena of 9,000 rapturous, whistling youngsters. . . .

I took a bus to the office and fully counted the different flowers blooming along the route . . . lilac, bluebells, peonies, cineraria, wallflowers. . . .

But then, I concluded, a child could grow up as well without the English flowers, the country pubs, the break for tea, the good English food, the still green country twilight, the ancient homes, the chance to find out (by crossing 22 miles of water) how clever other countries are.

There are other things in the United States to replace all this. . . .

CLINCHED

"MY" the bus conductor was saying as a car nearly collided, "you don't have to be B and K to take your life in your hands in the Strand."

That clinched it. I wouldn't have my children grow up without the English people . . . the stately countess working so hard for her traditions, the visitors so unconvincing of them, the little woman with no Cadillac round the corner or even a fridge, and no complaints either: the taxi driver who wanted to help us both; the audience which gives a coloured star a royal welcome, not a rough-house; the bus conductor so neatly putting our over-armed Russian tourists in perspective.

It has taken a long time to make these people. So why grow up in a country that's only beginning?



Nina Dyer
Thinking ahead

On the whole, baby, I'm sorry for you.

SIGHTS HIGH

ONE more girl has proved that the simplest (and probably the only) way for a girl to become a millionaire—is to get the money from a man.

But, as in any other money-making gamble—she has to have vision, to think ahead, to set her sights high. Recently Nina Dyer, the ex-Baroness von Thyssen, settled for nearly £1,000,000 from her ex-husband, after turning down an offer of £400 a month. She was thinking ahead: "A hundred pounds a week," she remarked, "doesn't go far."

Millionaire Anita Manville, Tommy's ninth wife, got £2,000,000 from him. But she set her sights higher: "Tommy keeps on pleading poverty," she said, "but my lawyers have already dug up six million dollars and there's a lot more around yet."

Millionaire Bobo Rockefeller who held out for £2,000,000 settlement from her husband and got it, certainly had vision: "Bring up my boy on a million dollars?" she said contemptuously of the first offer. "It's impossible. It's inadequate."

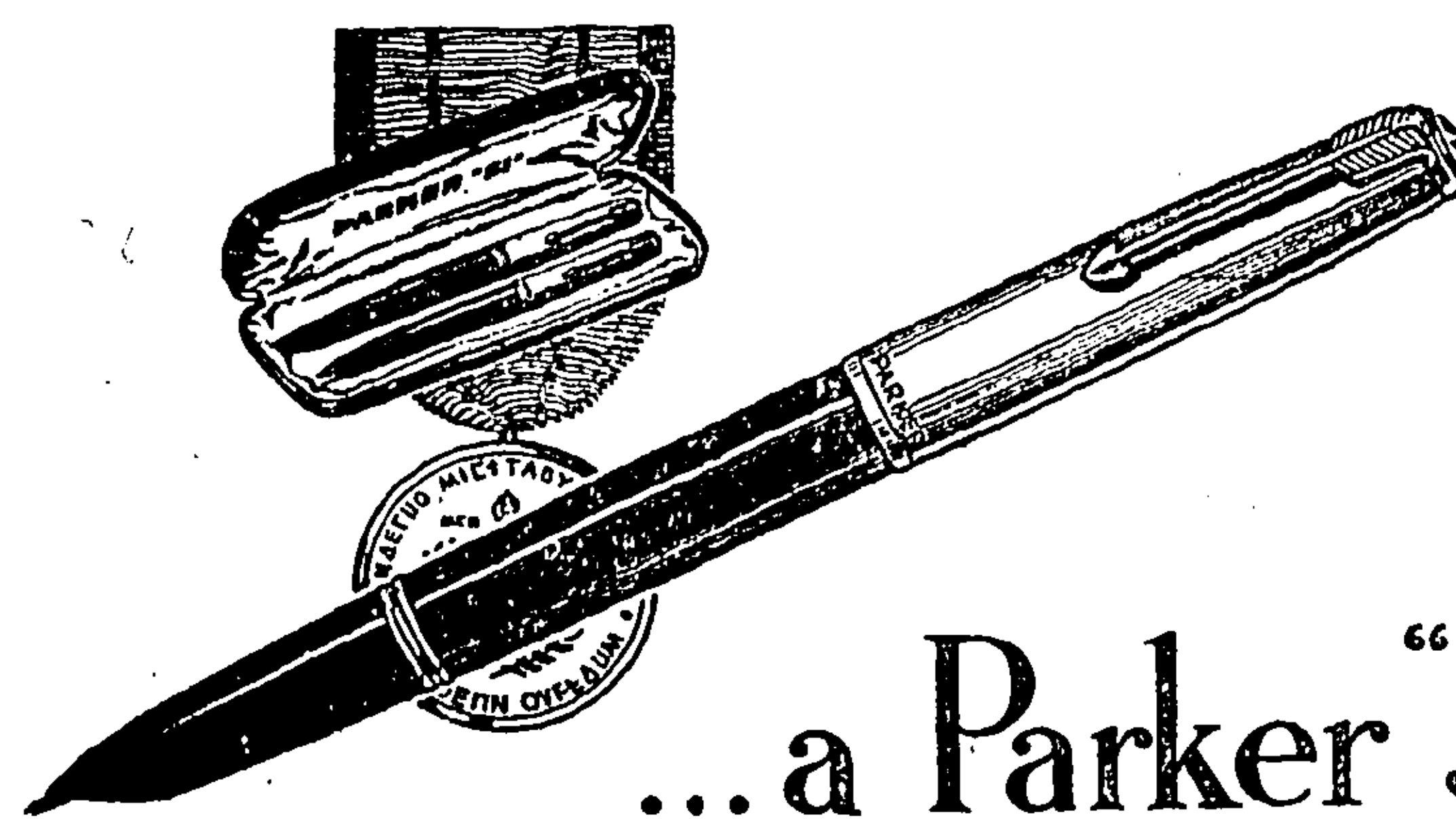
NOTED

THE different approaches used to induce two fair-haired four-year-olds to walk down Those Steps of the Café de Paris and show off Swedish children's overalls to 100 people. To smile and not to cry; to show off their clothes and not just to show off; to go up the stairs after three sodas, turn round the floor and not to run over to Mummy.

Said the organiser of the show to the little girl Birgitta Holmstrom: "How lovely to see you and how nice of you to come along and help. I know you are going to be a wonderful success."

Said the mother of the little boy, Johan Bengtson, to him: "If you don't believe yourself they can easily find someone else."

"...for courage and bravery!"



...a Parker "51"

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There is a reason for this and for the way the Parker "51" looks and feels in your hand. 68 years of pen-making experience have designed this wonderful instrument so that you . . . the writer . . . obtain a host of "intangibles" found in no other pen. For example, its weight and shape have been calculated to a nicety so that you get perfect balance . . . so important for fatigue-free long letter writing. The Parker "51" pen will give you decades of trouble-free, smooth-as-silk performance.

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PEN REPAIR SERVICE at 35 MEZZ. FLOOR, ALEXANDRA HOUSE



LT-COL. O. F. Newton (right), who has been Deputy Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force for the past three years and is leaving the Colony on Monday, presented with a silver salver from the officers. Making the presentation is the Commandant, Brigadier L. T. Rido. (Edward Yick)



THE Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, General Sir Charles Loewen (third from left), on his visit of inspection to the Hongkong Signal Regiment's workshops. Sir Charles paid farewell visits to many other units. He is to assume a new post as Adjutant-General at the War Office. (Staff Photographer)



MR P. T. Loong, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, eulogising the work of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, the Hon. B. C. K. Hawkins (second from left), at a dinner given in his honour at the Golden Dragon Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr. M. Nemazea, whose pony Shiraz won the Hongkong Champions and Chater Cup last Saturday, photographed with the successful jockey, Mr. H. K. Hung. (Staff Photographer)

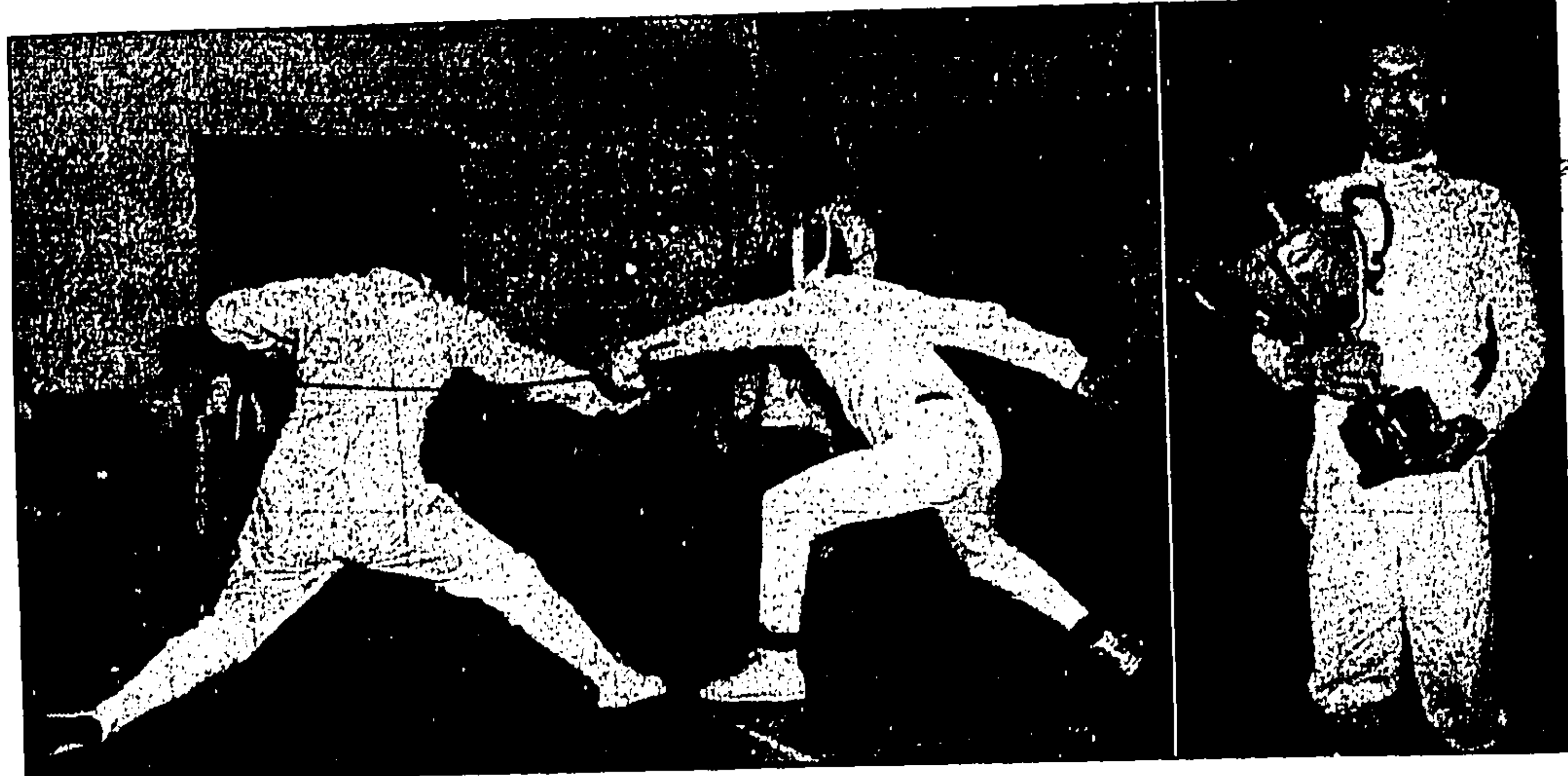


RIGHT: Lady Grant-ham, who laid the foundation stone of the new Henrietta School in Park Road, is presented with a replica of the trowel she used by Mr. Su Liang-sing, Chairman of the School Council. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at St Andrew's Church of Mr. Peter Chan and Miss Marian Esther Lam. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: The Rev. Fr. P. J. Howatson, Chairman of the Boys and Girls Clubs Association, shown with the pennant presented to him by a delegation of club children before his departure by air for a holiday and conferences in Europe. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the European YMCA during the finals of the Colony fencing championships last week. Picture on the right is of Hung Hak-to, Colony senior champion fencer, with his trophy. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at St Joseph's Church of Mr. Cyril Joseph Neves and Miss Connie Koo. The bride is a stewardess of Northwest Airlines. The newlyweds are spending their honeymoon in Japan. (Staff Photographer)



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THERE was plenty of activity last Saturday evening on the miniature range at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters when the Force 22 Club held a social and ladies' night. Some of the ladies are here seen trying out their accuracy on the range. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: This year's senior league soccer champions, the Eastern Athletic Association team, pose with club officials and the trophy presented to them after an exhibition game at the Hongkong Football Club stadium last Saturday evening. (Staff Photographer)

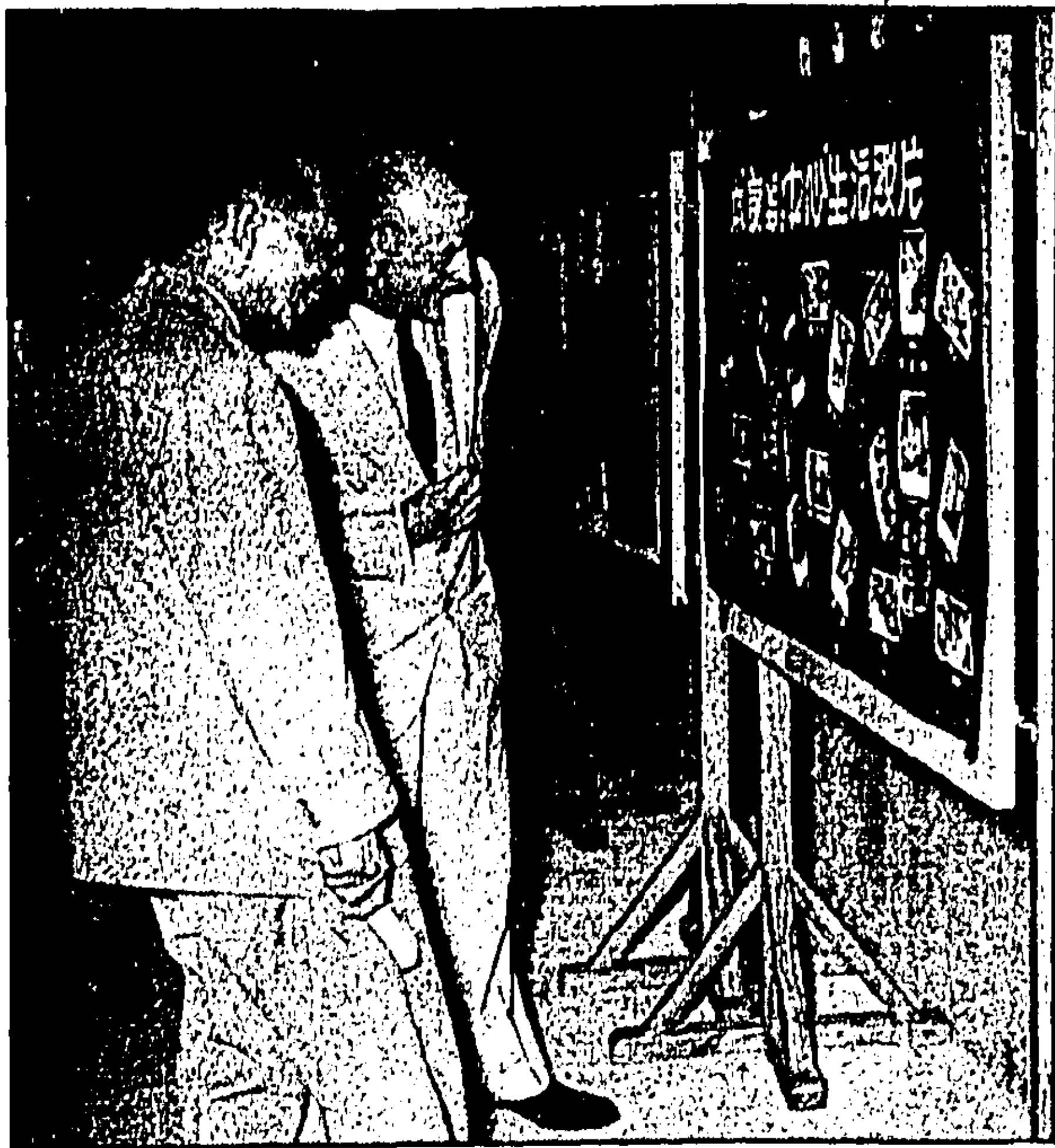
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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, this week visited evening reading and recreation centres for adults established in two schools on the island—the Li Sing Primary School in Pokfulam and the Island Road Primary School at Aberdeen. The centres are open five nights a week, and there is a wide variety of activities. The Governor is seen examining photos on display at the Li Sing centre. (Staff Photographer)



MARTINE CAROL, the popular French movie actress, was mobbed by a large crowd of admirers when she arrived at Kai Tak Airport on Thursday to make personal appearances in local theatres. Several policemen had to clear a way for her from the plane to the terminal building, where she was interviewed by local pressmen. Miss Carol, who became famous for her "Caroline Chérie" parts, is seen with her director husband, Christian Jaque. (Staff Photographer)



CANDIDATES who were confirmed by the Bishop of Hong Kong, the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, at a Whitsunday service held at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs L. Colmans at the christening of their twin babies, Margaret Elizabeth and Anthony Robert. The ceremony took place at the Kowloon Union Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



MR Reuben B. Robertson, United States Deputy Secretary for Defence, and Mrs. Robertson (left) greeting American Service representatives here on their arrival last week. Mr. Robertson is visiting U.S. installations in the Far East area, and stopped over in Hong Kong for a three-day holiday. (Staff Photographer)



SOME of the most entertaining moments in a long boxing programme staged at the Southern Playground last Saturday evening were provided by the youngsters. Above are Ramsay Bucks and Rocky Chan, whose bout ended in a draw. Below: Mr U Tat-chee distributing prizes at the end of the evening. (Staff Photographer)



HO CHEUNG YAU, South China forward chosen "Footballer of the Year," holds the China Mail Cup presented to him by Mr D. Benson (right) on Thursday. On left is the Hon. Kwok Chan, President of the HKFA. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of happy youngsters who attended a children's party given by Mr and Mrs J. Eitzen at their Peak home to celebrate Norwegian National Day. (Eddie Ching)



LEFT: Rene MacColl, famous Daily Express columnist (in dark suit), snapped at Kai Tak on his arrival last Saturday. He left for Peking on assignment on Monday. See his "Dateline and Deadline" on Page 6. (Staff Photographer)



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YOUNG athletes of the Pul Ching Middle School, who made a clean sweep at the inter-schools sports at Caroline Hill last Sunday by carrying off all the boys' grades titles and winning 'one girl's' grade title and placing third in another. (Staff Photographer)

SUMMER PYJAMAS

SHORT SLEEVES

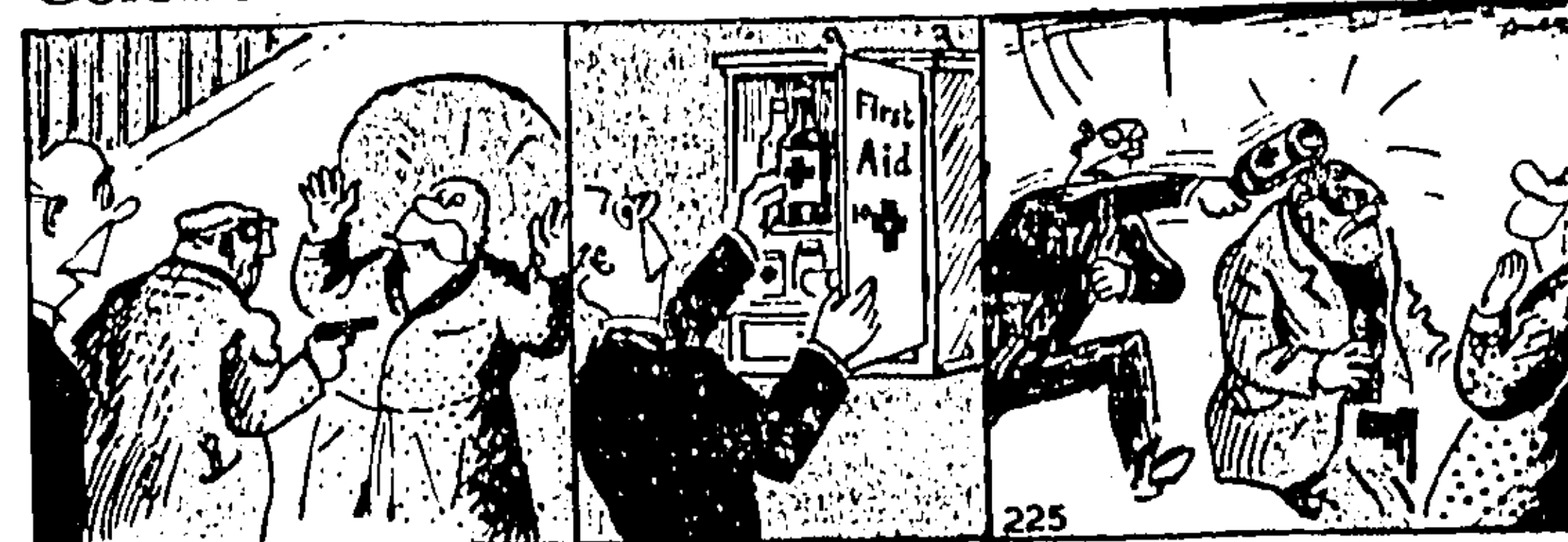
SHORT LEGS

FORTY FIVE DOLLARS PER SUIT

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RUST, GREEN

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'Aertex Material.'

MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOEUX ROAD



George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

MR WILSON JOINS THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. By Angus Wilson. Secker and Warburg. 15s. 412 pages.

ANGUS WILSON is the most exciting writer in Britain since the war. From the moment his talent was first acclaimed seven years ago, he has gone on entertaining, surprising and alarming the public. Until recently he was deputy superintendent of the Reading Room at the British Museum. Now he has deserted this post and has apparently appointed himself full-time curator of the Chamber of Horrors.

stretch of "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes"?

The main strand in this new Wilson novel is simple enough. Years before it opens an archaeological fraud has been perpetrated in a Suffolk churchyard. Into the tomb of a seventh-century missionary a disgraceful heathen image or symbol has been inserted. Upon this fraud a considerable superstructure of erroneous historical theory has been built.

Gerald Middleton, well-to-do, indolent scholar, is at last roused to expose the deception, which he has long suspected.

Gerald has tolerated fraud as he has tolerated himself; the failure of his career; the disaster of his marriage to a half-crazy Dane; the failure of his love-affair with Dolly, who became a "dipso"; his neglect of his family.

Gerald's family (handicapped daughter, pompous son, son with unpleasant male friends) and their love-affairs—these are, with careful art, linked with the exposure of the archaeological fraud. Round that



From the British Museum to a different world . . .

central deception circulates a solid system of lesser falsities. The result is a novel of manners, distinguished, if a little arbitrary, a satire which seems to be an exclamation of tolerant disgust rather than outraged ethics.

Wilson has lost none of his art as portrait-painter of the morally crippled, and the emotionally deranged. He is still the demon dentist of modern fiction, whose drill infallibly touches the exposed nerve. He is still the master of the stinging phrase which hurts before it kills.

He is still the brilliant mimic of the accent of a period, the clasp-trap of pedants and publicists, the slang of modish cliques and the jargon of the criminal fringe. Wilson has too acute an ear to make mistakes in these matters.

But stretched to the length of four hundred pages, these qualities become less important than the power to sustain and elaborate a story, or to explore and chart a character.

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes dazzled one reader with its brilliance and kept reminding him of its length.

★
LES GIRLS. By Constance Tomkinson. Michael Joseph. 15s. 245 pages.

BACK home in Nova Scotia they never realised that pretty little Constance, daughter of the minister of the United Church of Canada, was in Paris where the cultural opportunities were wide and varied—but let Constance make the point in her own admirable way:

"My father was so proud of me that mother had to restrain him from rushing out and telling the Sunday School teachers, the organist, or anyone else in the congregation who would listen, that I was in the Folies Bergères."

Constance was—let there be no equivocation—a "hooper" in a troupe of Anglo-Saxon lovelies (she calls them Basil's Beauties) who drew male money and opera glasses to the theatre, in various Continental resorts.

She gives a deliciously humorous account of a pilgrimage which was punctuated by the howling of wolves, Latin and others. Constance's photograph provides sufficient explanation.

Yet the diverted reader carries away the impression that, with the upbringing of the manse in Nova Scotia behind her, Constance was never in serious moral danger.

★
THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE. By T. D. Kendrick. Methuen. 21s. 170 pages.

THE story, pathetic, dramatic and comic, of the earthquake of 1755 which killed 15,000 people in Portugal, dominated a theological explosion (how could a good God act with such cruelty to His children?) and, indirectly, led Voltaire in Candide to ridicule the notion that everything is necessarily for the best.

BY HARRY WEINERT

Museum Tour

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



SOME PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE ART IS FOR THE AGES — THEY THINK IT'S STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL — THEY PACKAGE THINGS PRETTY FANCY THESE DAYS



ART APPRECIATION.

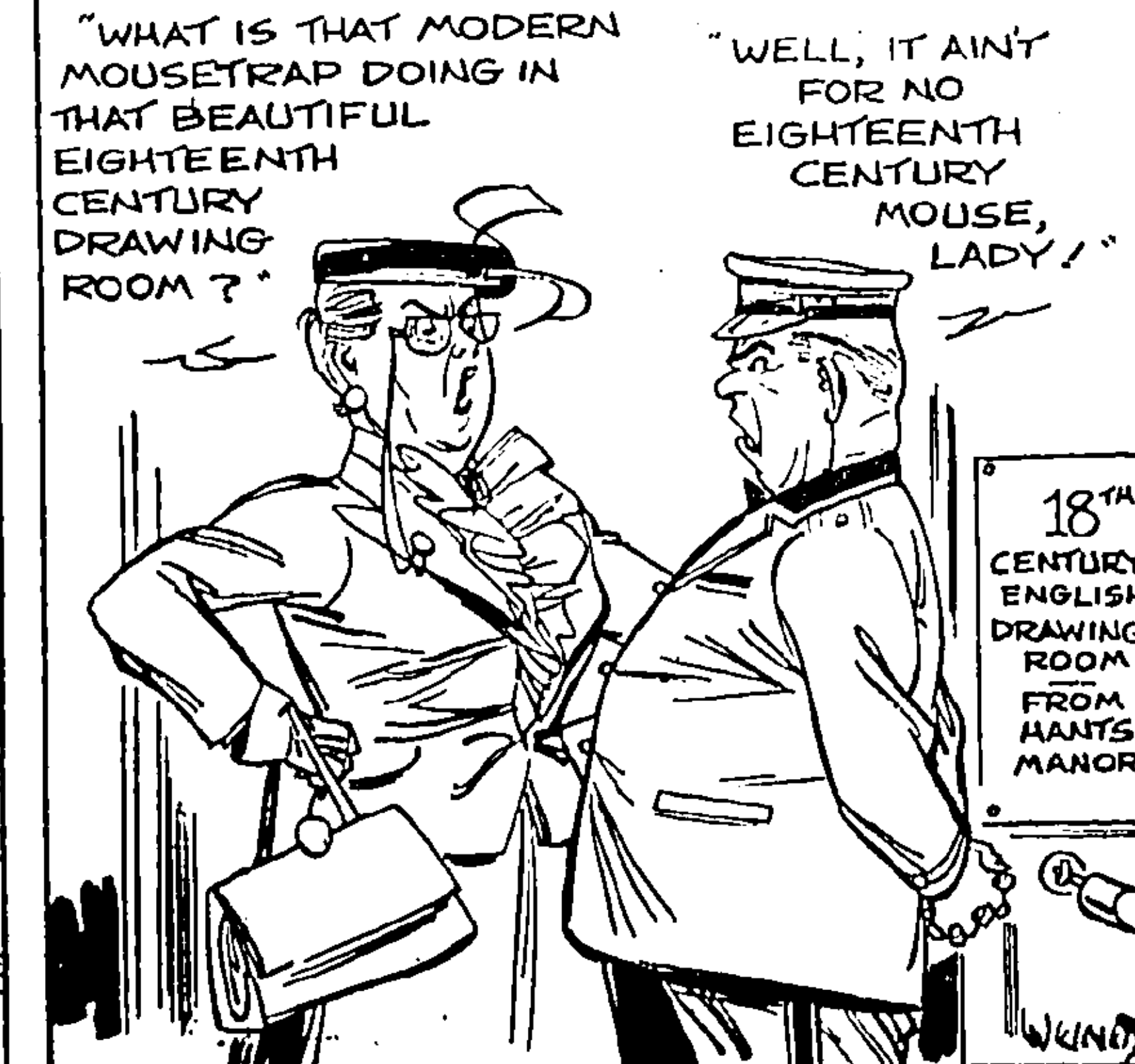
"DON'T TOUCH IT! MAYBE THE PAINT ISN'T DRY YET!"



SOMEONE BROUGHT A COMIC BOOK.



ANY PORT IN A STORM.



"WELL, IT AIN'T FOR NO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MOUSE, LADY!"



IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN WONDER IF THE MODERN AGE IS AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THE GLORIOUS PAST.

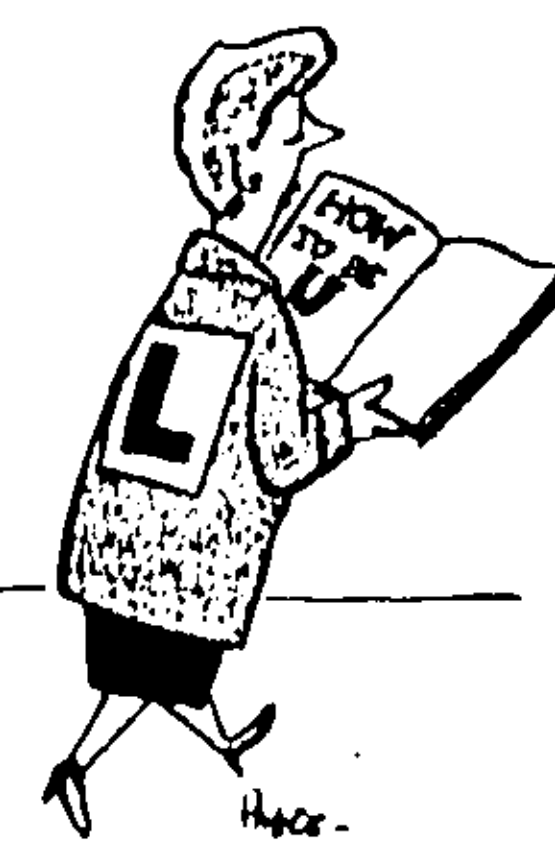


LOOK AT THE CONDITION IT'S IN! THEY'D EITHER SEND ME A NEW ONE OR I'D GET MY MONEY BACK!

GREEK BATTERY

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

ARTIE...



STONE AGE SOCIETY

There promises to be some raised eyebrows among the members of the Stone Age Society. In July, 10 French scientists are going to crawl into a cage there and live for three weeks like the Grimalds.

Despite the name, has nothing to do with living like Prince Rainier and Grace. The Grimalds were marrying without licences and whacking obstreperous guests over the heads

with clubs at a period when the mammoth was a familiar sight at the bottom of the garden. They were Stone Agers; they lived as troglodytes, perfected flint hatchets, wore strings of meashells and are thought to be among the earliest humans to practice funeral services.

The 10 Frenchmen whose unaccountable desire is to find out what the gay social whirl of a cavewoman was really like are going to shirk nothing. They want to "transport themselves into the age before the dawn of history."

So they will have no tents or camping material with them. They will take no food or cooking utensils, no blankets, no matches, no torches or other lighting equipment. They will light fires by rubbing sticks together and for the entire three weeks will live on any old snails, roots, berries, added birds eggs and whatnot they can find with perhaps a little toasted hedgehog on the side when they can catch one and an occasional fish caught by hand or shot with bow and arrow.

PARK In the Order of Battle Things, which comes first—man or the automobile? Last week Robert Moses decided. His answer, the automobile. All of which led a squad of mothers to turn out in New York's Central Park warding off bulldozers with prams.

Curious? Well, it happened like this. Mr. Moses, New York's Park Commissioner, has the biggest headache in the city. The city owns a restaurant in the park called the "Tavern-on-the-Green." It was having trouble with automobiles, too. There just wasn't room for them.

Mr. Moses decided to scrap the half-acre children's playground near the tavern and turn it into a car park. Mothers of local children took the view that children first, automobiles second. They blocked Mr. Moses' bulldozers effectively with their prams for two days. Then Mr. Moses sneaked in by night and got the job started.

The mothers appealed to the State Supreme Court, which granted an injunction requiring Mr. Moses to hold off until further notice.

The mothers were not alone. Governor Averell Harriman also thinks people come before cars. Said he: "If I had lived on the west side of Central Park, I'd have been out with the mothers and their prams."

His pronouncement is significant. He aspires to be President of the United States. It

may therefore be inferred that he thinks the mass of the voters probably prefer people to cars, too.

PERSONAL CREST, SIR! Man with a paying idea is Mr. Harry Rutter, a tailor of Hurst Street, Birmingham. He has started what may become a new masculine fashion craze—the wearing of embroidered initials on the breast pockets of blazers. Not just the wearing of initials on the breast pockets of blazers, but the wearing of initials on the breast pockets of blazers, but the owner's own, designed to order.

DILEMMA

The tale that is getting a big laugh at the moment is about the little girl who was born in a Madrid suburb and whose name was Carmen Cohen. Her mother naturally called her Carmen. But her father, for some reason known only to himself, always called her Cohen. With the result that when the child grew up she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

For from fifty shillings to three guineas anyone can have a monogram or crest designed and worked on to the blazer. Mr. Rutter does not keep a stock of crests. Each one is specially made. Some people supply their own designs, others just the rough idea.

Many are not satisfied with initials but want something to remind them of the national service and produce a badge of their old unit. Mr. Rutter says by far the largest company of badge wearers are ex-servicemen and adds: "No matter how much they said they wanted to get out of the Army when they were in it, now that they're out they like to remember the outfit they were with."

But one of Mr. Rutter's oddest orders had nothing to do with the Army. The design for a dozen blazers depicted the front of Winslow Green Gaiety and in the four quarters were a pair of handcuffs, a runehoon, a broad arrow and a convet's

shaven head. Underneath was the "Latin" motto: "Ad Sum and Labor."

SECRET WEAPON The Royal Air Force had a secret weapon during the last war—a beer bottle. Whether it had any material effect or not on the enemy has never been proved, but the RAF boys certainly believed it had.

The fact that they believed it helped to keep their own morale high and there was scarcely a rear gunner of coastal Command who did not carry a few empty beer bottles in his lonely turret.

A bottle tossed overboard whistled its way across the ground, burst upon impact and left no visible sign of its presence. Perhaps enemy searchlight crews were worried and frantic, unsuccessful searches made for the new mysterious weapon of the unpredictable British. Who knew?

Certainly Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor "found it hard to believe that there was anything in this rather Heath Robinson counter measure," but he gave orders that serum was not to be poured on the idea.

He recently published book, "The Central Blue," he writes: "Even if there was nothing in it, the boys thought it was, and it gave them a kick in feeling. To the end of the war, a Group the best of them remained a highly regarded piece of operational equipment."

MAN'S America is the country. NEED of the synthetic breakfast food, the plastic car, the manmade fibre is also the country where thousands of men sweat from nine till five to convince millions of men that life is utterly unlivable without three television sets, plastic pre-sprung mattresses and vitaminised, homogenised and pre-digested pea soup.

There are those, now and then, who wonder where it will end.

They were reassured last week by the headline on a New York Times leader. Announced the Times solemnly: "Man Needs Nature."

DRUNK Toronto inventor G. Light Zehman wants all cars to be equipped with a delicate "aspirator" over the steering wheel. When the driver's alcohol-laden breath hits the aspirator, it will turn on a red car roof light to warn other motorists and police.



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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Notice to Members
Australian Subscription
Ponies 1957

The Stewards have ordered a batch of 100 Australian Subscription Ponies to race in 1957 and they now invite Members to subscribe for them.

Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, 8th Floor.

The Subscription List will close at NOON on Thursday, 31st, May, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



SOAPY WATER
IS GOOD FOR
PLANTS;
USE BATH SURPLUS
IN THE
GARDEN.
WATER IS PRECIOUS

END OF SOCCER SEASON....

A TIME TO REFLECT ON SUCCESES, DISAPPOINTMENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The fact that the football season in the United Kingdom and that in Hongkong finish at almost the same time makes it easy for us to compare notes and to reflect on the successes, the disappointments, the achievements and of course the lapses.

After England's fine win over Brazil there was a fleeting burst of elation, but the more sober thinkers curbed their passing enthusiasm and eventually gave it as their opinion that England's victory was due, not so much to a superiority of their hard hitting methods over the intricate ball play of the visitors, but to the brilliant ball manipulations of veteran, 41-year-old, Stanley Matthews.

England, with big strong forward players like Edwards, Clayton, Atkey and Taylor, are undoubtedly a tough side, but there is a strong current of opinion in the Home Press which indicates that the men-in-the-street like the expert critics are more and more bending to the fact that there is no doubt a team substitute for good honest basic skill and ball control.

I quote from one press opinion: "The Brazilians delighted us with some fascinating little tricks of ball control and manipulation which left some of our players gasping. These were touches which our youngsters, had seldom if ever seen before, but they were touches, their fathers and grandfathers knew, appreciated, and applauded."

"Too many of our present day stars seem to have developed the idea that one big kick is what is wanted. They have allowed themselves to become 'bush-bush' exponents, and even now some short-sighted people might well produce England's 4-2 victory as a justification of these tactics."

TERIBLY WRONG
"How wrong, how terribly wrong, they would be. England was because Stanley Matthews is still the greatest individual ball player in the world. Three and maybe four of the goals came directly from him. Without him we should have had a repeat of our recent disappointing display."

What is true of England is also true of Hongkong. There is no basic substitute for good football and it is one of the most brilliant features of the Colony football that generally speaking our star men are ball players, a distinct from players.

Footballers of the class and ability of Ho Cheung-yau, Yiu Cheuk-yin, Mok Chun-wah are brilliant exponents as well as competent match-winning players. They are prepared to work the ball and to set their individual ability against whoever comes their way, and given a fair crack of the Soccer whip, they usually come out on top.

I believe it will be a major tragedy if inflated opinion should ever be allowed to change all this. I know only too well that there are those who think the play of the Chinese stars is too delicate for international competition. Maybe at the moment there is something in what they say, but for my money I would much rather be set the task of injecting fire, devil and power into a team of footballers than that of instilling football skill into a collection of strong arm soccer men.

FOOTBALL ABILITY
Hongkong football still has some way to go before it can be internationally accepted in the same breath as the present greats of the game... but artistically and technically—it is not administratively—it is developed.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Where are the Motor Cycle Tourist Trophy races held?
2. Nationalities, please, of the following famous boxers: Jimmy Wilde, Luis Angel Firpo, Tony Galento.
3. With what sport do you connect the terms "bias" and "end"?
4. Sir Henry Segrave and Sir Malcolm Campbell were lighted for services they gave to a specific sport. What sport?
5. Who has been vice-captain of the England Cricket Test team and also won a Cup Final medal?
6. What are the names given to Japanese style wrestling, and British style wrestling?
7. In what sports are the Walker Cup, the Ryder Cup and the Wightman Cup contested?
8. Which team won the first Cup Final ever held at Wembley?
9. What is the weight of a cricket ball?
10. In what sport would cricket do we talk of "runs"?

(Answers See Page 17)

hoping along the right lines. Football ability is the first vital essential of all who aspire to soccer success and it will be achieved if the up and coming youngsters prove more malleable to expert coaching than the older stars of the present time.

It is of course a complete fallacy to imagine that natural ability is the be-all and end-all of football success. It is not. Individual skill must be harnessed to an overall team plan, not on the basis of what the various individuals think about it, but on a basis of a master plan devised by an expert coach who is wise enough and experienced enough to exploit and concentrate all the individual attributes for the benefit of the team.

And that brings me to a most important point.

Great players do not of necessity make great coaches. It is often a mistaken idea that because a man has made a name for himself as a player he must automatically be capable of imparting his knowledge to others. Nothing is further from the truth and it is a well-known fact that many star players in the United Kingdom, for example, have failed miserably when set complex coaching and managerial tasks. Conversely some of the greatest coaches of the day are men who achieved only the minimum of success on the field of play.

A coach who is fully qualified, and who has taken the requisite course of a reputable association in qualifying, is potentially a valuable asset to any football community... but his potential is only as great as the foresight and enthusiasm of his employers, and the co-operation of the men he is set to coach.

The successful football nations of today did not achieve their present status by accident. They worked at football with an industry that sometimes reached the brink of fanaticism and while out of all their efforts thousands of prospective players failed to make the grade, enough of them did to lift their countries to top ranking international status. That is true of Hungary as it is of Brazil; of Sweden as of Yugoslavia; of Germany as of Uruguay.

SAME SELFLESSNESS
If Hongkong aspires to such heights then Hongkong's football community must be prepared to work with the same selflessness as was shown in these countries. That work is essentially does not start on the playing field; it starts in the Council Chamber.

The misuse, and even the complete abuse, of Tom Sneddon's acknowledged ability must surely remain for all time as one of the blackest blots on Colony soccer. The HKFA pay his wages so probably they feel they have the right to "employ" him as they see fit. Fundamentally that is true but just as fundamentally the only thing that is suffering by the attitude is Hongkong football in its widest sense.

Whenever the subject is raised one is told "confidentially" that Tom Sneddon just does not fit, that he rubbed the wrong people up the wrong way... that he did the wrong things, and that he said the wrong things. That may well be so—frustration prompts strange acts—and I grind no axe on his behalf. I do not agree with all his views; in fact I disagree most strongly with some of them;

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

David Sheppard
By ARCHIE QUICK

It takes moral courage of a high degree to prefer the far from salubrious North London borough of Islington to the pleasant green fields of cricket, the daily toil of a parish priest in a near-slum district to the glamour of England's captaincy. But David Sheppard made that choice, and so when the Test battle is on at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, instead of leading our sporting gladiators the Rev David Sheppard will be doing his rounds as the curate of St. Mary's.

It was not a hard decision for David to take. He was determined from the first that when he left Cambridge, where he also skipped the University, his duty lay not at his picturesque, rural home in East Sussex but in the cloth of the Church. He wanted to preach a virile Christianity, and he could not have been given a tougher assignment than Islington with its Teddy Boys and Barrow Boys. Although he does not drink or smoke David carries his faith into the pubs and he is impressing his personality on the Cockneys. Nearer every day comes his first objective of youth club there.

BLINDING BRILLIANCE
Now 27 years of age, Sheppard burst upon the cricketing world with a blinding brilliance, making big score after big score at Cambridge in association with G. H. Doggart and D. J. Insley.

The critics, of course, said it was the easy way to riches, but each of those three Light Blues proved their detractors wrong when they moved out into the wider scope of county cricket. Sheppard has played in ten Test matches, against all the countries, and is with a sight of fifty first class centuries. Moreover, he has captained England on three occasions and would have been the automatic choice for a long reign as skipper when Hutton retired.

Sheppard is sublimely happy in the clergy, and he introduced me to one of his parishioners, 37 year old Percy Wilson, who went the full ten rounds as a welterweight with Georges Carpentier in Paris in 1911. Georges Carpentier won on points, but Percy had him down for a long count in round nine. Carpentier rose at "nine" but Wilson swore to this day that "it takes longer to count ten in French than in English" and that the future world champion was actually knocked out. Wilson told us he had fought Ted Broadbribb, Gus Platts, middleweight European champion among his 500 fights.

LEAGUE BOWLS

KCC-KBGC MATCH AT AUSTIN ROAD SHOULD BE TODAY'S BEST

Says "TOUCHER"

A number of late starters in the Colony Lawn Bowls League will have to get going this afternoon if they hope to be in the run for the Championship honours of the various divisions.

Although three weeks have elapsed since the official date of the League, a number of clubs have still to put all their enthusiasm into these games.

The favourites have taken full advantage of their opponents' usual affliction of "early-seasonitis" and "raccitis" and unless more full-hearted opposition is given them during the coming two or three weeks, these teams will already be well in the home stretch.

DISAPPOINTING
So far, too, the standard of play has been disappointing. Insufficient practice so early in the season may be one reason, but a more relevant factor is perhaps the tremendous disparity of standard between the favourites and the rest of the field.

Having watched the top games of the League thus far, I am inclined to agree with our old-timers that the standard of bowls in the Colony today is far below that of pre-war years and even of the years just after the war.

Coming at this time, when we are barely two seasons away from the next Empire Games, this appraisal must be discouraging to our local lawn bowls fraternity. However, let us hope that it will also at the same time spur our local "Donkeys" now that they realise where they stand, to better bowls during the coming weeks and the next two seasons.

Weather permitting, the League should be able to make a real start this afternoon, now that the race season is over. A full programme of games is scheduled with at least one key match in each division.

In the First Division top interest will be centred on the KBGC-KCC match at Austin Road. For both teams it will be a battle of survival in their bid for the Championship.

The Bowling Club has lost one match and that was to Recreio by a 4-1 margin, while the Cricket Club also suffered the same margin of defeat from Craigengower Cricket Club. A defeat for either of them this afternoon will practically spell

"finish" to all their aspirations of winning the title.

ODDS FAVOUR KCC
From the line-up and the form shown by the two teams so far this should be an extremely close match with the odds in favour of KCC to win by a 4-1 margin.

The KCC have again resurfaced their ranks, but Hong Sling and Jack Chubb appear to have two strong risks which should carry the day for the Cricket Club.

Depending on the draw, Bowling Club's point may come from Tom Macnaght's rink, Colin Bounessell, who played some good bowls as skip in his match against Recreio a couple of weeks ago, will have Colony Singles Champion Eric Liddell as his No 3 this afternoon.

This rink is not to be ignored, particularly when R. Browne is also showing some very fine form. A 2-3 defeat or even a 4-1 win for the Bowling Club may be dependent on the form of this rink.

Recreio are expected to take full points from IRC "Gold". Playing at home, Takoon Club may be able to give some very good opposition to the IRC "Blue" bowlers, a number of whom are still out of practice. League leaders Craigengower will be too good for Filipino Club with the additional advantage of playing at home, but may again drop one point.

SECOND DIVISION
Top match of the second division is the encounter between Hongkong Football Club and KCC "Blue" at Valley. The Dockmen have so far collected 14 points out of 15 in three matches and are practically in a class by themselves in this division.

The Football Club team, however, have also their own reputation of being a former First Division team. If my memory serves me right they claimed one victory over Kowloon Dockers last year. They

have shown fairly good form this season, losing to Recreio by only 2-3 and beating PRC by 4-1.

The odds are in favour of the Dock, but should Ken Forrows and Billy Greenwood's form get going a very close fight is in store for the potential champions.

In the other matches, KCC "White", KCC USRC and Recreio will likely come out with comfortable wins.

THIRD DIVISION

In the Third Division attention will be focused on HKFC and FC, the two leading teams in this division so far.

The Football Club will be guests of Craigengower Cricket Club who made an impressive start last Wednesday by beating PRC by 5-0. Their team, however, has been completely reshuffled and tremendously weakened by the transference of their better bowlers to the Second Division. A 4-1 tie and a 5-0 win for the Football Club looks likely.

Playing at home, Filipino Club, with a number of their last year's Second Division bowlers, will have HKFC as their opponents. Although a win for them is forecast, they may have to fight all the way for their four points.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
IRC "Gold" v. Recreio
KCC v. FC
KBGC v. KCC
TC v. IRC "Blue"
Second Division
HKFC v. KCC "Blue"
KCC "White" v. PRC
KCC v. POC
USRC v. HKCC
Recreio v. CCC
FC (bye)
Third Division
CCC v. HKFC
FC v. HKRC
KCC v. KBGC
HKPSA v. PRC

ONE VICTORY TO HIS CREDIT



Roman Conquest, ridden here by jockey S. Clayton, is a bay colt by Nearco out the 1946 Oaks winner, Steady Aim. He was bought as a yearling by Mrs Durham Matthews at the Newmarket Sales in September 1954 for 1,050 guineas. Roman Conquest had three races as a two-year-old, winning his second race, the Cotswolds Stakes over a mile at Ascot in October 1955. He has had two races so far this season, the Free Handicap for three-year-olds at Newmarket on April 19, when he was unplaced, and the Royal Stakes at Sandown Park when he was fourth. He was taken out of the 2,000 Guineas but holds the Derby and St Leger engagements.—Reuterphoto.

A Foursome Who Should Soon Rival 'Big Boys'

By HARRY CARPENTER

The publicity glare beating down on the stardust squad of young British heavyweights has blacked-out a similarly exciting development at the other end of the boxing scale.

For the first time since the war Britain is raising a full crop of promising flyweights. My, how we need them. The last Briton it was assumed safe to toss in with British and Empire Champion Dai Dower was Eric Marsden, the lanky Lancastrian. That was 15 months ago.

In fact, only twice in the past 2½ years has Dower shared the ring with another home-bred flyweight.

This situation is likely to be put right within a year. Way out in front of the young flyweights for my money, is a 24-year-old Cardiff boy, Len Reece, who has harder with either hand than any Brit man since the southpaw Scot, Jackie Paterson.

GREAT PUNCHER
Reece, who is 6ft. 6½in.—astonishingly tall for a flyweight—made three attempts to start his professional career. Altogether seven opponents including substitutes withdrew.

Now that he's on his way, Reece's opponents are still "withdrawing"—from the ring—at a remarkable rate.

I have seen three of his four paid contests and have never had time to appraise anything but his tremendous punching because not one of these fights lasted a round.

The one I missed didn't get past the second. Reece's difficulty will be finding opponents able to stand up long enough to give him some boxing experience.

In Scotland ex-A.B.A. and Empire Games Champion, 22-year-old Dick Currie, from Dalmaroch, has just won the Scots flyweight Championship after only seven professional fights.

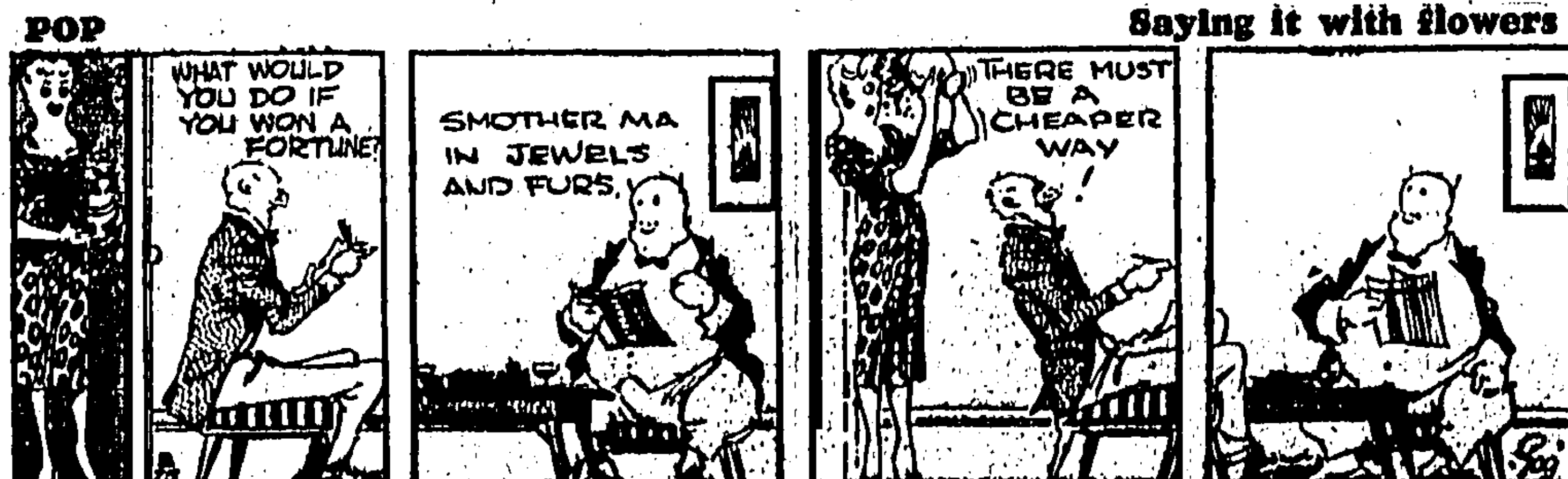
Now he is likely to be challenged by another Scot, Frankie Jones, also 22, whom Currie beat in an A.B.A. semi-final three years ago.

STILL UNBEATEN
Jones, after five professional fights, is still unbeaten, and has won against the two men who have inflicted professional defeats on Currie—Bobby Robinson and Malcolm Moffat.

Wales have another candidate in this flyweight class, the 20-year-old Terry Jenkins, who was defeated by Currie in his amateur days. Jenkins has won his five professional fights.

Reece, Currie, Jones, Jenkins—names for the currently unemployed Dai Dower to ponder. And for the Board of Control to watch with a keen eye in the future before they are much older.

Have you noticed?—4½ in England among the five of them. (Copyright)



SHADOW BOXING GYMNASIUM OPENS TODAY

The Wanchai Pak Box Gymnasium will be officially opened today at 4 p.m. at 100, Wanchai Road, when Mr. Chan Nam-ching, President of the Hongkong and Kowloon Basketball Association and Vice-President of the South China Athletic Association will perform the opening ceremony.

The Pak Box gymnasium is an Association of the Chinese Boxing Association, which is being built at the Yuet Hing Restaurant off Johnston Road later at night at 9 p.m.

Midland League Change

Peterborough United have become the first non-reserve side of a League club to win the Midland League Championship since the War. The previous title holders were Shrewsbury Town Reserves, Gillingham Reserves, Notts Forest Reserves, and Notts County Reserves last season. What is more, Peterborough United finished second to another "Reserve" side.

Pontypool's Record

Since they were formed in 1946 Pontypool United, second club in the Pontypool Rugby Club, have played 362 matches. Of these they have won 284 and lost only 45 with a points average in their favour of 4,254 against 938. This past season they won thirty of their 33 matches and drew two with a points average of 492-121.

Now Thelma Hopkins' Hope Soars To 6ft

By DOUG WILSON

The first woman to clear 6 ft. That is the ambition of Thelma Hopkins, 20-year-old Belfast medical student who, competing for Queen's University in a triangular match at Belfast on May 5, set a world women's high-jump record of 5 ft. 8½ in. This jump, 1½ in. more than her own height, added three-eighths of an inch to the record put up by Alexandra Chudina, of Russia, in 1954.

Thelma, who was busy studying at home the following day, told me: "My coach, Franz Stampf, thinks 6 ft. is possible, and as I was well clear of the bar on Saturday I think perhaps I may be able to do it, one day."

This amazing girl, who is as charming as she is talented, is certainly Britain's best hope for a gold medal at Melbourne.

Examination will keep her out of competition in August, so that she will miss the match against Russia, but she will take part in a big international meeting at Belgrade in June.

After she had established her world record, Thelma (who is, by the way, an Irish hockey international) went on to win the 80 Metres Hurdles in 11.2 sec., the Long Jump with 20ft. 1in., and the Javelin with 101ft.

Also record-breaking on the same day was blonde, blue-eyed, 19-year-old Sheila Hoskin (Spartan Ladies), whose 20ft. 2in. at Tooting was a British all-comers' best.

The old record was 19ft. 5½in. set by Jean Desforges, now Mrs. Pickering.

A week later, again at Belfast, Thelma Hopkins won the High Jump with 5ft. 6in., took the Long Jump at 20ft., and, clocking 11.9 sec., was an easy first in the 80 Metres Hurdles. She threw the Javelin 113ft. 3in. to beat her own Northern Ireland record by 4ft., and completed her day with a victory in the Shot Put.

Let us hope Thelma does not expend herself too much on other events. High jump world record plaque will look incomplete without an Olympic Gold Medal to accompany it.

JUNE'S BACK

Twenty-one may seem young to be making a comeback to top-class athletics, but even at that age it is not easy. Ask Mrs. June Foulds, better known as June Foulds, former WAAA Sprint Champion.

June, who has done little running since she was married in 1953 showed by her impressive "leg" for Spartan Ladies in the 4 x 110 yards relay in the Norrington Trophy meeting at Chiswick that she is near to reaching the top again.

Throughout last winter she ran across country every Saturday. During the week she has pounded the hard London roads.

But even with definite signs of the old fire and dash return-

£20,000 Bid For Reg Matthews

Chelsea may start next season with England's goalkeeper, Reg Matthews, of Coventry. They have already made a bid to be as high as between £20,000 and £25,000—and will keep renewing this offer until they can persuade the Third Division club to part with their star.

In answer to a question about the rumour that the deal had been completed, Chelsea manager, Ted Drake, said: "I wish it were true, but it has not come off yet. We shall make another attempt."

Chelsea recently announced they were prepared to receive offers for five players, including their goalkeeper, Robertson.

TEST RESULTS WILL DEPEND ON THE WICKETS; IF IT'S WET I NOMINATE ENGLAND

By BRUCE DOOLAND

That all-out-for-94 Aussie shock at Bradford sandwiched between those mammoth scores at Leicester and then against us at Nottingham had dozens of earnest cricket fans coming along to ask: "What does it all add up to?"

Frankly, to me, it adds up to the fact that more than ever before the fate of the coming Test series may well rest on the state of the weather and the wickets.

If we get it wet I expect England to romp home. For the hard fact is that to most of the young Australians the tricks of wet wicket batting are mysteries as yet unseen. In Australia the wickets are always covered in rain and they just don't know a thing about them.

If we get typical plumb Test wickets, however, it strikes me, after a pretty good hammering recently, that Johnson and Cowie might easily shake up the England eleven. Colin McDonald is a very much better player than he was in 1953. A school teacher, who specialises in economics, Colin has put a good deal of thought into his batting development during the last two years. Ian Johnson, his skipper, has helped him with it. And between them they have gone a long way towards removing his old weakness, outside the off-stump. Not all the way, perhaps, but a long way. He is a good player now.

A NATURAL

I liked, and I am sure the cricket public will like him too, young Ian Craig. He's a complete "natural" even if you can't see it. He picks every shot in the book and moves into every one of them with the natural ease of your Compton, Hutton and Bradman. I think he'll get a lot of runs. At the age of only 20 he is a

charming young man. Keith Miller was run out before he could really get going against us at Nottingham. But that doesn't matter. We all know the menace of Keith. He strikes me as being rather more serious in his cricket and more serious in his batting outlook and is all the better for it. As for Neil Harvey, I can assure you that neither he nor anybody else in the Australian camp is worrying one iota about the fact that he hasn't got a run in three knocks. The general view is that the fewer the runs that come his way, the more there will be for the Tests. Harvey, after all, is in that class. He's bound to "come good" as we say in Australia.

By and large, I am pretty certain Ian Johnson must be feeling reasonably satisfied with the overall pattern of his batting so far. Nearly all his runs have been scored in English conditions and the absurdity of having to start with only seven days for practice is being overcome.

I know Johnson has been roundly criticised for using these first few games more for practice than results and there is a point in many of the arguments that a game is a game for all that. But I know just how big the change is from Aussie to English conditions, and I have a great deal of sympathy for his point of view. And let me assure you of this—every English touring captain I've met has used the early games in Australia in exactly the same way.

Maybe the scores haven't been so big, but the intention—that of getting men trained for the real battle of the Tests—has been just as sincerely applied. Mind you, if I were putting money on it, I would be wagering that Johnson will be putting his foot down pretty soon to force a few morale-building wins.

MATCH TURNER?

The other one of the touring party who has grown most in cricket stature is Richie Benaud. What a magnificent batter he is now! At Worcester, Nottingham and even at Bradford he hit everything in sight, nearly out of sight. That is his natural game, his natural greatness. I understand that it is Johnson's firm intention to go in, whatever the state of the game, to be true to himself.

It will be one of the intriguing features of the Test to see if the bold Richie can do it in the Tests. It's all very well to be able to do these things, to reveal in boldness and quickness of eye, in an ordinary match. But surprising things happen in a Test match when the heat is on in a Test match; when Typhoon

is tearing down upon you. If Benaud can get going he can be the most punishing, match turning, demolishing batsman in the business.

Anybody who can get straight out on to a turning wicket at Bradford and belt Bob Appleby's first three balls for four commands respect anywhere! Coming back to England players and prospects for a moment, the bowler who impressed me most in recent matches was big Allan Moss, the Middlesex fast bowler. Everybody talks of Freddie Trueman and Peter Loader being first in line as replacement for either Statham or Tyson in the England side. But I feel that Moss must be there on level terms with these two this year.

Against us he used his height and speed beautifully. He had considerable movement of the ball both in the air and off the pitch, and was a most uncomfortable proposition for any batsman to face. It struck me that his recent toughening experiences on the wickets of West Indies and Pakistan have turned him into a mature bowler.

IMPORTANT POINT

Back, for a moment, to the wet wicket problem. Talking with Ian Johnson, I got the idea that he genuinely feels that it isn't so much that Australian batsmen don't bat as well as English batsmen on wet wickets, as that English bowlers bowl better than Australians on them. Complicated, perhaps, but he might have an important point.

But I feel that English batsmen also bat better as well as the bowlers bowling better on them. They get so much practice and have so much more confidence.

After all batting is such a delicate art that half one's performance, especially in Test matches, stems from confidence. Ask yourself—how can any batsman who hasn't seen a really wet wicket before, even one which makes the ball turn slowly, feel fully confident of putting up even a reasonable show?

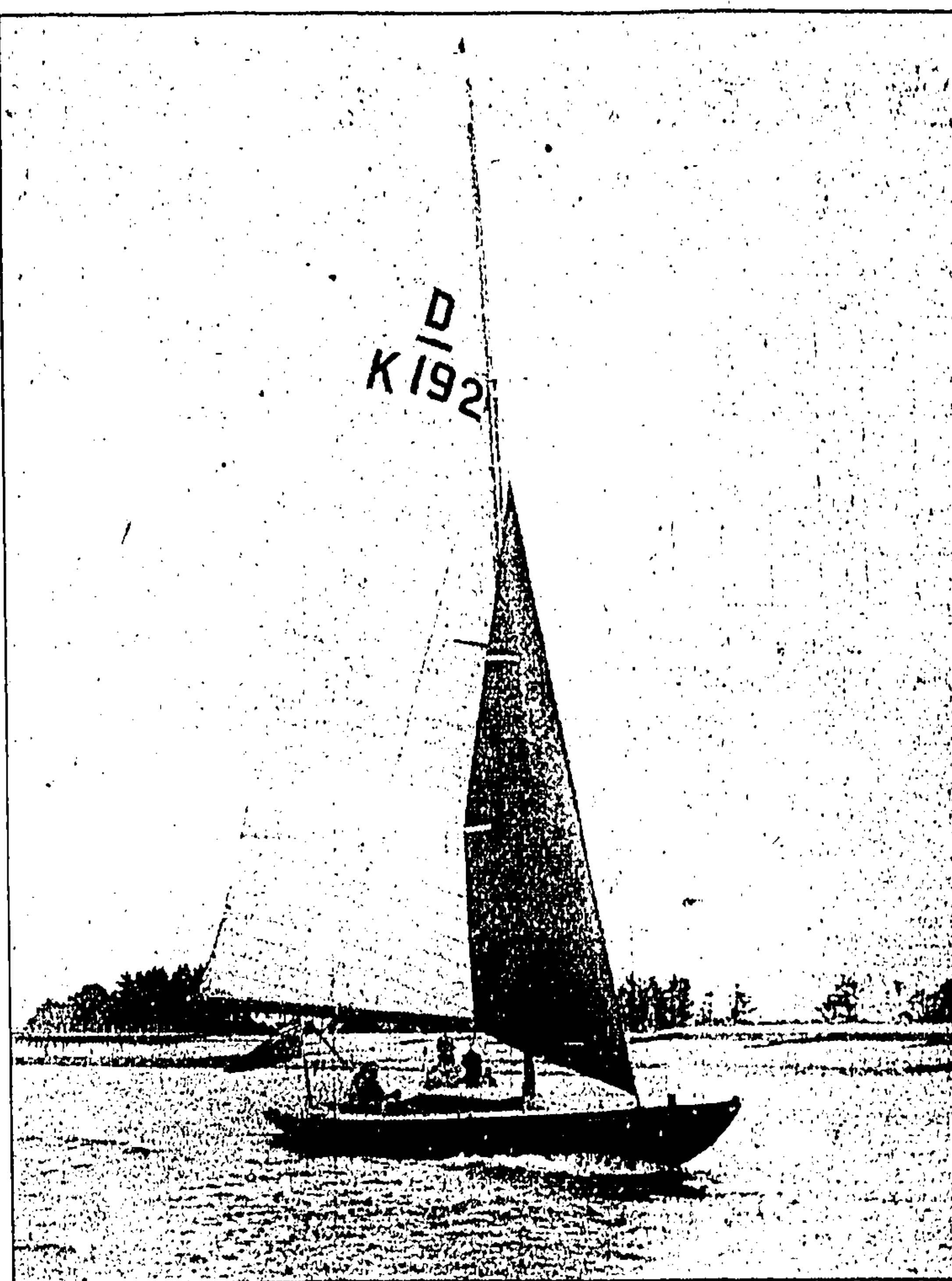
Finally—this is a pleasant bunch of tourists and they are right in there behind their skipper in all he is trying to do. Early criticism hasn't shaken them one iota.

COACHING HINT:

Early in the season, especially if there is any rain about, batsmen should assess the nature of the pitch they are to bat on BEFORE they march out. Watch carefully what is happening to your colleague. Note what the bowlers can and cannot do. Get some idea of its pace. With a bit of common sense you can learn a tremendous amount from the pavilion instead of waiting until you are in the middle to work it out.

(COPYRIGHT)

GIRLS LEARN SAILING IN ROYAL YACHT



Two girls eager to learn how to sail suddenly found themselves being taught on Bluebottle, the racing yacht owned by Britain's Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Florence Moatt, 27-year-old London student nurse, and Ann Maasingham, 24-year-old Eastbourne hairdresser, spent a week on a sailing course run by the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

For a couple of days they had pottered around in dinghies off Hayling Island. Then from across the Solent came Bluebottle, sailed by the Duke's sailing master, Lieutenant-Commander Graham Mann.

Said sailing course organiser John Bradley: "Nearly a dozen owners had promised to lend us their yachts for the students' course, and Bluebottle is one of them. She will be here for the rest of the week."

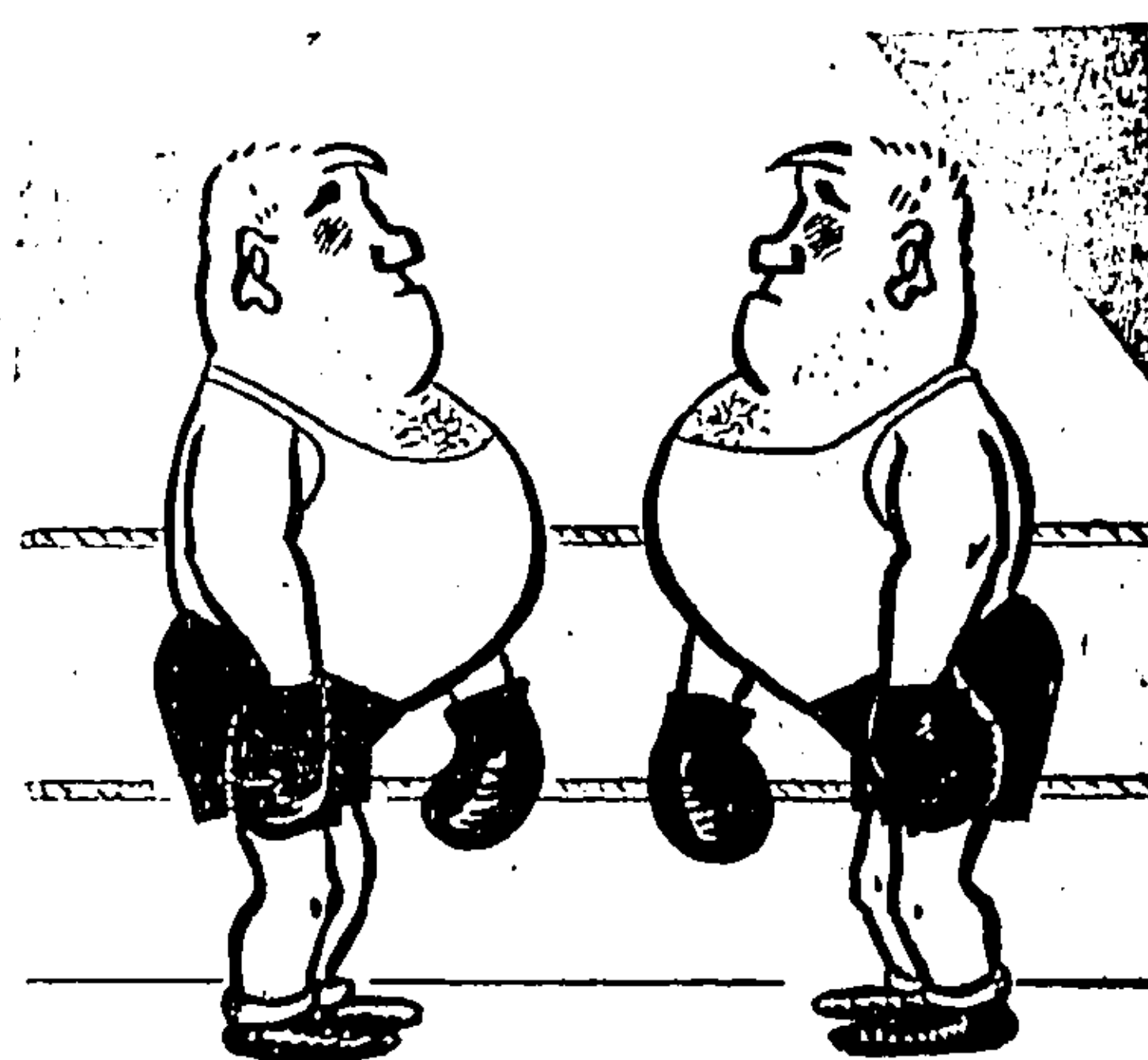
When Ann and Florence came down to the shore he told them: "There's the boat you will be going out in this afternoon. The girls spent the rest of the day sailing in the trim, blue-hulled royal Dragon class yacht."

"What marvellous sailing, and what a surprise!" they said afterward.

Picture shows—The girls sail in the Bluebottle.—Express Photo.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Isle of Man.
2. Welsh, South American, Italian.
3. Bowls.
4. Motor racing.
5. Denis Compton.
6. Judo or Ju-Jitsu, and Catch-as-catch-can.
7. Amateur Golf, Professional Golf, Women's Tennis.
8. Bolton Wanderers in 1923.
9. Between 5½ ozs. and 5¾ ozs.
10. Fox hunting.



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EXCEPT OF COURSE
...another Carlsberg

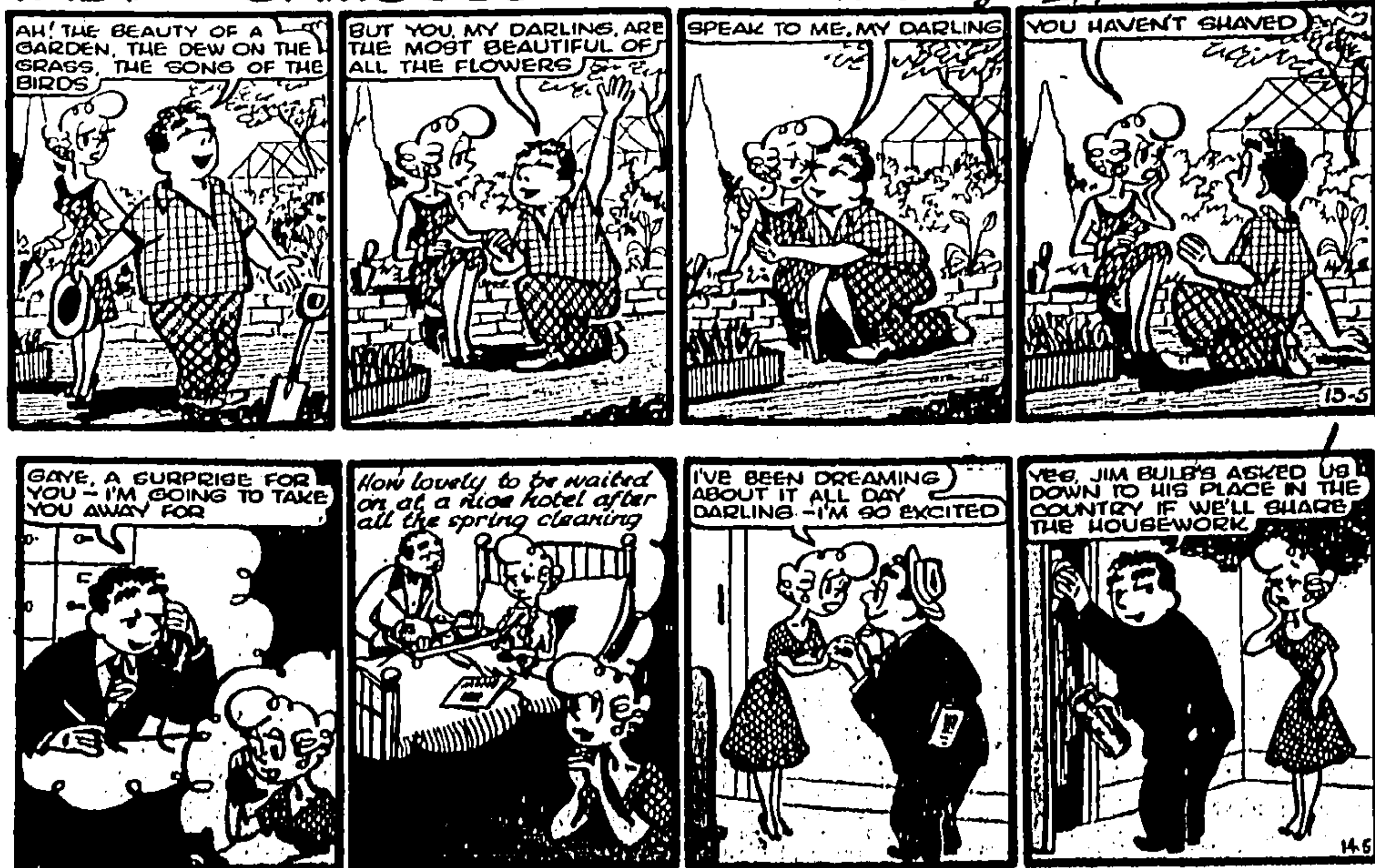


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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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Sole Agents: Swire & MacLaine Ltd.

GOLDEN CHURN



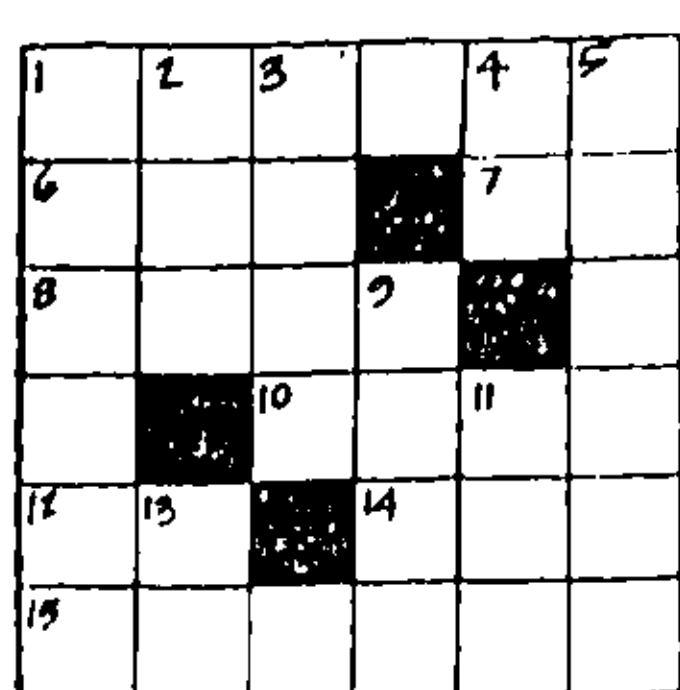
...better butter

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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



- 1 These puzzles are about -
6 Oratorio (ab)
7 Northernmost (ab)
8 Canoea sheller
9 Helio
12 Company (ab)
14 Look at
15 Rubbed out

DOWN

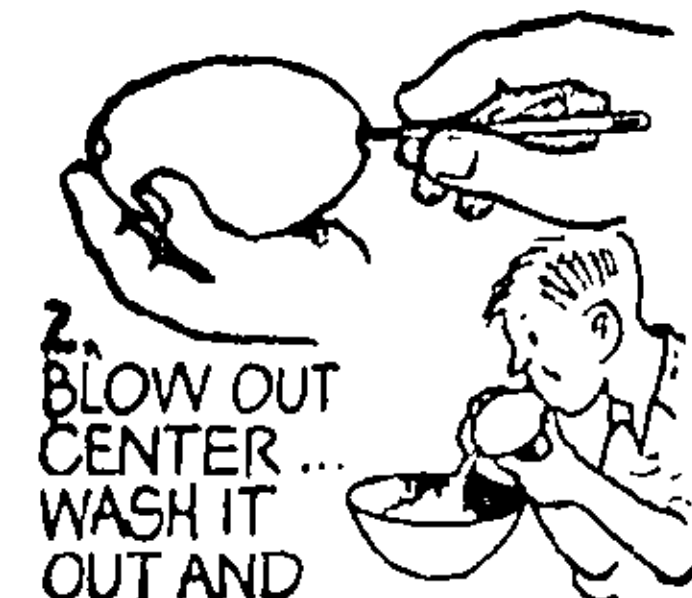
- 1 Announcement
2 Norwegian coin
3 Have
4 Article
5 Shout
9 Girl's nickname
11 Boy's name
13 Either

JUMBLED SENTENCE

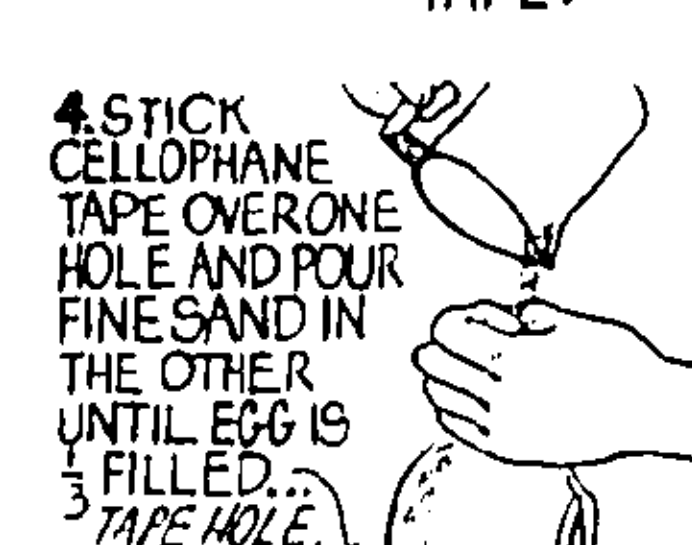
Perhaps you can help the Puzzlemaster in his sentence about Norway by straightening out the words correctly.
Norway, midnight a the area
The is of of North sun
phenomenon Cape.

HOW TO MAKE A SUBMARINE

1. Punch a hole in each end of an EGG with a large NEEDLE.



2. BLOW OUT CENTER... WASH IT OUT AND LET IT DRY...



3. Tape a PENNY to bottom with CELLOPHANE TAPE.



4. STICK CELLOPHANE TAPE OVER ONE HOLE AND POUR FINE SAND IN THE OTHER UNTIL EGG IS FILLED.



5. Fasten a SPOOL to top with quick drying CEMENT. Stick in a short PENCIL for mast.



THE ROMANS OF OLD VIEWED THE OWL WITH DISTRUST AND EVEN DREAD. THEY CONSIDERED IT AS A MESSENGER OF DEATH. AND WE READ THAT THE DEBATES OF STATE WERE INTERRUPTED WHENEVER AN OWL OBTAINED ITS PRESENCE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

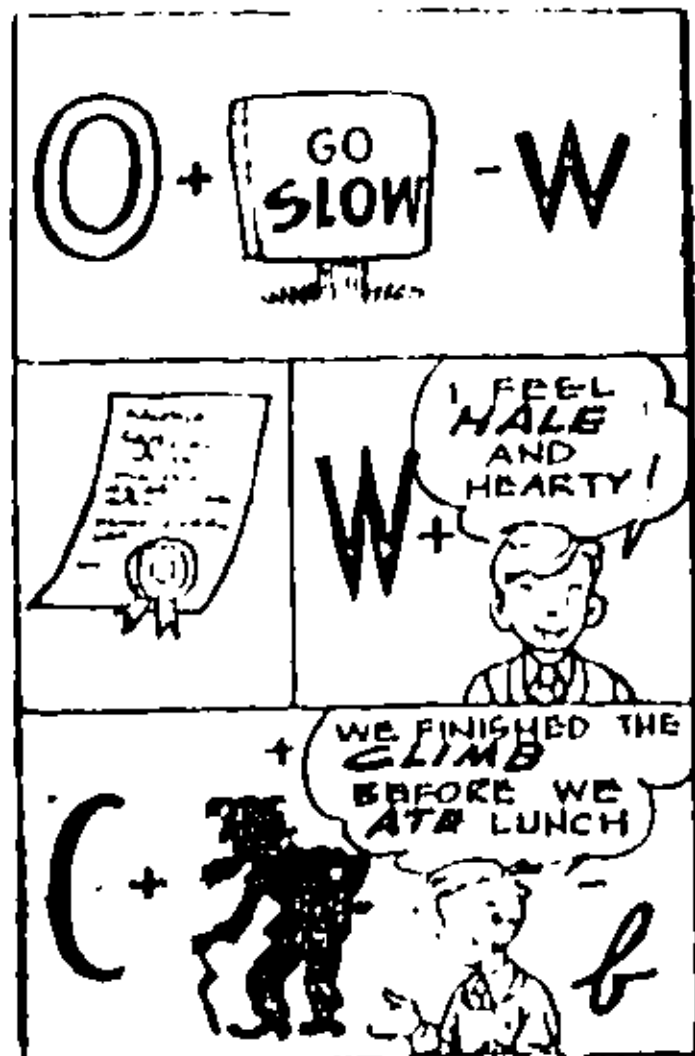
DIAMOND

Norway has extensive FORESTS and the Puzzlemaster has used them as a centre for his diamond. The second word is a cooking utensil, third "peep" fifth "peevish", and sixth "pappen". Finish the diamond.

F
O
H
F
S
T
S

NORWEGIAN REBUS

By using the words and pictures right, you'll find four things about Norway hidden in this rebus.



NORWEGIAN MIX-UPS

First of these is a Norwegian island group, second is Norway's parliament, and third is the name of Norway's king, all of which the Puzzlemaster says you can find by rearranging the letters in each strange line: ZIP-HEL-GENTS
TOTS CRIN
OAK HAN

(Solutions on Page 20)

DON'T SPILL THE SALT!—AND WHY

DON'T SPILL the salt! Not if you want to keep the good will of your host or fellow guests, for that's one way to break up a friendship. Spilling the salt always signifies a quarrel.

Salt used to be so scarce and precious that it was used as an offering to the gods for centuries. To spill a grain of salt was considered an insult to the immortals, who would certainly retaliate in some unfriendly fashion.

"SALT MONEY"

In Caesar's time, the Roman legionnaires received "salt money" as part of their pay. (That's where our word salary comes from.) For a soldier to spill his salt or lose his salt money was indeed a misfortune. Any man who failed in his duty wasn't "worth his salt" and received no pay.



In medieval castles, a dish of salt was placed in the centre of the long dining tables in the great halls. The salt container served as a dividing line between the nobles or honoured guests and the servants or those of low degree. Our expressions "above the salt" and "below the salt" come from this practice.

As late as the 16th century it was a mark of hospitality and special favour for a host to place a small dish of salt before a guest.

Any spilling of the salt intentional or otherwise was looked upon as a threat to friendship equivalent to throwing a gauntlet in one's face.

A THREAT

Leonardo da Vinci in his famous painting of the Lord's Supper, shows Judas, the betrayer, overturning the salt container.

Those who accidentally spill some salt, sometimes throw a few grains over the left shoulder. That's because in centuries past, unseen spirits of evil were supposed to hover about every mortal on the left, or sinister, side. Throwing a little salt in their direction would scatter the little demons before they could do any harm.

Even today, in some parts of Europe, the animals and farm buildings are sprinkled with salt as a protection against evil spirits.

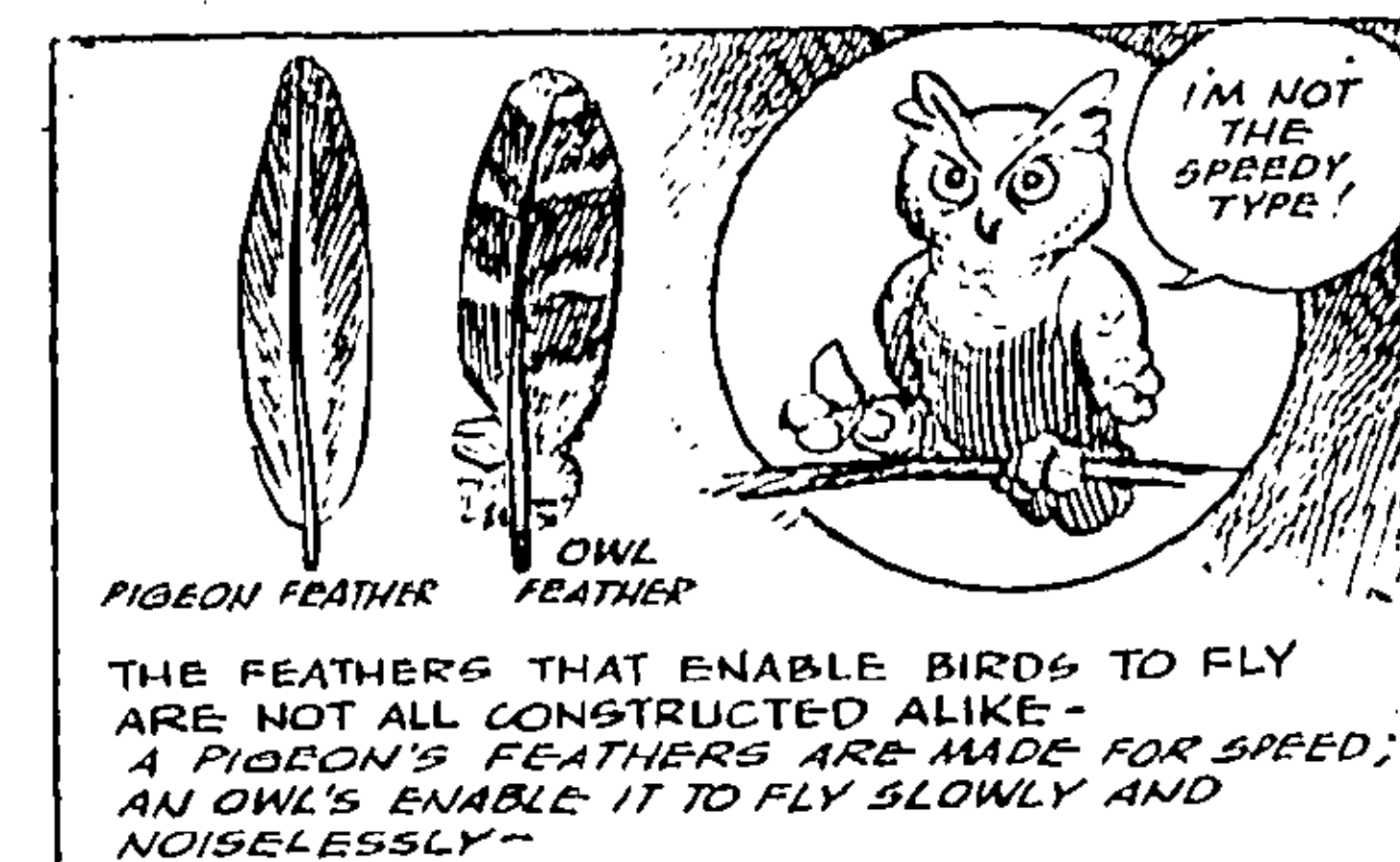
Feather-Collecting Offers Fun

WANT A HOBBY that's really worth while and lots of fun too? Then start collecting feathers. They're beautiful to see, and best of all, you can find them anywhere.

To get started all you will need are some strong envelopes to hold your treasures, and a guide book to help you identify them. You borrow one of these from the library and probably after you get really started you will want to buy a book of your own.

Examine one of the flight feathers you pick up, under a microscope and see for yourself what a wonderful creation a feather is. (The flight feathers are the bigger, stronger feathers of the wing and tail.)

The first thing you will see is the central stem, sometimes called the quill.



Then you will notice hundreds of thin barbs spreading out from the central quill. These are what form the body of the feather.

Now look closely and you will see little hooklike barbs along each side of each barb. These are called barbules. Some of them are hooked, and some of them are not, so that they interlock.

It's this interlocking design that enables the bird to fly. If it wasn't for the interlocking

barbules the air pressure would cause the barbs to separate and the air would just slip through, grounding the bird. The barbs and barbules interlocked hold the air so the bird can fly.

If you wish to display your collection, the feathers can easily be mounted on sheets of paper. The paper can be part of a scrapbook or form a beautiful decoration for your bedroom wall.

Feather collecting can be started in spring, summer, autumn or winter. Why not start today?

GAMES OF YESTERYEAR ARE STILL POPULAR

IN these nice days of sunshine, games for playing outdoors are going to supplant those you have been playing indoors. Here are a few you may like as well as boys and girls of another generation.

"Filling the Gap" is popular. Make a circle. Whoever is "it" must run around and touch one of the players on the back or with a knotted handkerchief.

This boy or girl breaks away and both players run around the circle in different directions, trying to be first to reach the gap made by the person touched. Whoever reaches this gap first remains in the circle while the other player becomes "it" and starts the game by touching some one else.

"Guarding the Skittle" needs either a ninepin or large stick of wood around which the players stand in a circle. They face the player in the centre who has the object (the Skittle) between his legs. Those around the circle now try to hit the skittle with a ball while the keeper tries to use his hands and keep the skittle from being knocked over. The ball can be passed around the ring. Quick passing keeps the fun going and makes the keeper lose out to someone throwing from behind his back.

For playing "Chip The Stone" you need a small wooden spoon and a top. Mark a circle on the ground about three or four feet in diameter. Place a dozen small pebbles about the size of small marbles in the centre of the circle. Each player spins his top, picks it up while spinning on its spoon and throws it so as to hit the pile of stones with its peg. Each stone which is knocked out of the ring counts a point. If the top still goes on spinning after being thrown, it may be picked up again on the spoon and again thrown by the same player, who can make additional points.

In "Fox, Fox, Come Out Of Your Hole," one player is



chosen as Fox and a circle of about four feet is drawn on the ground as his base. While standing on this base the Fox may stand on both feet, but whenever he comes out of it, he must hop on one leg only. If he puts down the second one, he can be ridden back to his base by the nearest player. If while on that leg he is tagged by a player, that person becomes the Fox, and can be ridden back to his base by anyone catching him. To give the Fox a fair chance, the area in which the game is played must not be very large.

"Handkerchief Tag" is another way of playing tag. Roll out a handkerchief and throw it from one player to another as quickly as possible. "It" can only tag the person with the handkerchief. That is why every player quickly throws the handkerchief to someone else. If the handkerchief falls to the ground, it must be picked up by the nearest player.

E. M. MARSHALL

Pretty Olympic Stamps

SAN Marino, the small mountain-top republic in Italy, has done a good job on its new set of stamps issued for the winter Olympic Game at Cortina.

Every class of contest at the Games is featured and the stamps have captured the dash and the lightning skill of the high calibre competitors who matched their wits and strength for the glory of sport and for their own personal honour and that of their countries.

Look at the speed skater illustrated on the stamp reproduced here. Russia's Sergei Grishin had the same symmetry like every other Soviet competitor. Cortina skater Grishin was honed to a fine edge. When the gun cracked, Grishin pushed into his start. Down the first straight he flashed, arms swinging in time with his skates. As the turn, his speed pulled him wide and under his flying feet steel blades brushed snow at the lane's edge.



Can You Solve These Riddles?

1. From what ailment does a teakettle suffer?
2. What has teeth but does not use them for eating?
3. Who may marry many a wife and yet stay single all his life?
4. What spends its time drawing things and yet is not an artist?
5. What has three feet but cannot stand?
6. Why should fish be smart?
7. What does a garden say when it laughs?

(Answers on Page 20)

"Talking Leaves" Inspired The Indian To Invent A System Of Writing

IN Statuary Hall, Washington, each state may have a statue of a leading citizen. The state of Oklahoma has chosen for its statue, Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian. This man is universally considered the most outstanding Indian who ever lived, and he is the only Indian so honoured.

Sequoyah was born in 1770 in western Tennessee. Early in his life he had an accident which left him lame. However, in spite of that, he became adept at several trades. He was a good blacksmith, a painter, hunter, farmer, salt merchant, expert silversmith and a soldier. He fought in the War of 1812.

NO SCHOOLING

Sequoyah was illiterate. That is, he never went to a white man's school. But he had great intelligence. He knew white men were not especially more intelligent than Indians, and decided it was their "talking leaves," or books, that made the difference. When an Indian died all his knowledge died with him, but a white man could put his knowledge in a book and it lived a long time after he was gone.

So Sequoyah set about trying to find a way and means to put the Cherokee language into a printable form. He studied the problem for 12 years. At first he worked on the idea of having a symbol for each word. But there were so many words that he could not remember which symbol stood for what word. Then he worked on finding a symbol for each word sound, finally deciding on 86. From a combination of these sounds, all words were formed. Some of the symbols are similar to our letters. Others are original. His system was not an alphabet but a syllabary, since each character represented a sound, and not a letter as our alphabet does.

THE TRIAL

The elders of his tribe thought it was a silly idea, that Sequoyah was a bit crazy and that he was making bad magic. Sequoyah lived alone and worked in a small hut. When his system was about completed the old men of the tribe burned his cabin and Sequoyah had to start all over.

He went west to Indian Territory where many of his friends had gone. There he perfected his syllabary and also taught it to his 6-year-old daughter, Ah-yo-ka.

The young men decided that if a little girl could learn the system, they could. And they did.

Then came the trial before the old men of the tribe. Sequoyah went out of the room and the elders told the young men what to write. Sequoyah



The giant Sequoia, most massive of all North American trees, is named after Sequoyah, a great Indian who invented the Cherokee alphabet.

read it. Then the men were divided into two groups and separated. Each group was told what to write and when they came together each could read what the others had written. Then the old men were satisfied. In three months the whole Cherokee nation

could read and write. This was something never before accomplished in the world.

To Sequoyah goes the honour not only of inventing an entire alphabet but by its means his tribe became the most literate Indians in America. Further, in 1828 the Cherokee Phoenix was published. It was the first Indian newspaper. It was a four-page paper printed partly in Cherokee and partly in English.

A translation of the New Testament was begun and in a short time completed and printed. So were hymns, sermons and tracts on temperance.

ONE OF THE TWELVE

Sequoyah was given a silver medal by his tribe and treated with great respect. He took a prominent part in representing the Cherokee in Washington and also brought about peace within the Cherokee nation.

Besides the statue of Sequoyah in Washington, his profile is also on one of the bronze doors of the Library of Congress Annex where it is noted that he is one of the 12 men in all human history who have invented an alphabet.

Then, when the big trees were discovered in California, Sequoyah's name was given them (Sequoia). As these trees are larger than those about them, so was Sequoyah larger than the men about him.

—JENNIE A. RUSS

A Wistful Strawberry

—Everything Looked Creamier on the Other Side—

By MAX TRELL

"IT'S sometimes a bad thing," Mr. Punch was saying to Knarf and Hamid, the shadows, and Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mary Jane the Rag Doll and Hlawatha the Wooden Indian Boy, "it's sometimes a bad thing to be too inquisitive. It's a bad thing to be too curious. There are certain things which you have to believe. For instance, strawberry shortcake."

Knarf and Hamid and Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mary Jane and Hlawatha all asked Mr. Punch to please explain what he meant.

He Lit His Pipe

"Gladly," replied Mr. Punch as he lit his pipe and made himself comfortable in his rocking chair.

"Let me explain by saying that I once had a friend who grew on a bush."

"A friend who grew on a bush!" Hamid exclaimed in astonishment.

Mr. Punch nodded.

"This friend, I'm talking of, was a strawberry. Like every other strawberry in the world, he grew on a strawberry bush."

He had a wonderful view of the whole garden and even, as it happened, of the whole house.

"Because it was his good fortune to be on a hill, he could see all around him. His strawberry hill was so cheerful and pleasant that the birds used to come and stand just above him, singing their songs. The butterflies would visit him. So would the May flies and beetles."

His Best Friend

"But his best friend was a cricket. He was always together, day and night."

"Oh, how sweet!" said Mary Jane the Rag Doll.

Mr. Punch smiled and continued.

"But the strawberry was not happy. He had been green at first but now, as the Spring wore on, he got fine and rosy. And yet he was not happy."

"Why wasn't he?" asked Teddy the Stuffed Bear.

"Because he was inquisitive and curious," replied Mr. Punch.

"From the top of strawberry hill, he could look into the



Strawberry was on top of a shortcake, surrounded with cream.

kitchen of the house. There he saw mother cooking and baking, putting things into the oven and taking them out later. They looked and they smelled delicious as they stood on the top of the oven ready to be taken to the dining room table.

"One day he saw a wonderful-looking thing in a plate with whipped cream. He asked his 'friend' Cricket about it and Cricket explained that it was a strawberry shortcake."

"It's a cake made with strawberries, just like you," continued Mr. Punch, "the strawberry had only one wish. To find out how it felt to sit on top of a cake all surrounded by whipped cream!"

"And did he get his wish?" Knarf wanted to know.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Punch. "A few days later, mother came to strawberry hill with a basket."

Mr. Punch's strawberry swung himself loose from his bush and fell down. Mother spied him and put him in her basket along with a great many other strawberries from the patch.

Mr. Punch's strawberry found himself in a big bowl in the kitchen, all clean and fresh and rosy as ever. He could hear his friend Cricket calling him from strawberry hill.

"Good luck Strawberry, good luck!"

Strawberry Shortcake

"That's what he was taken out of the bowl and put right in the middle of the top of the strawberry shortcake, all surrounded by delicious sweet whipped cream. Then the cake was taken into the dining room and eaten."

Mr. Punch stopped. There was silence.

"And is that all there is to the story?" Hlawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy asked Mr. Punch.

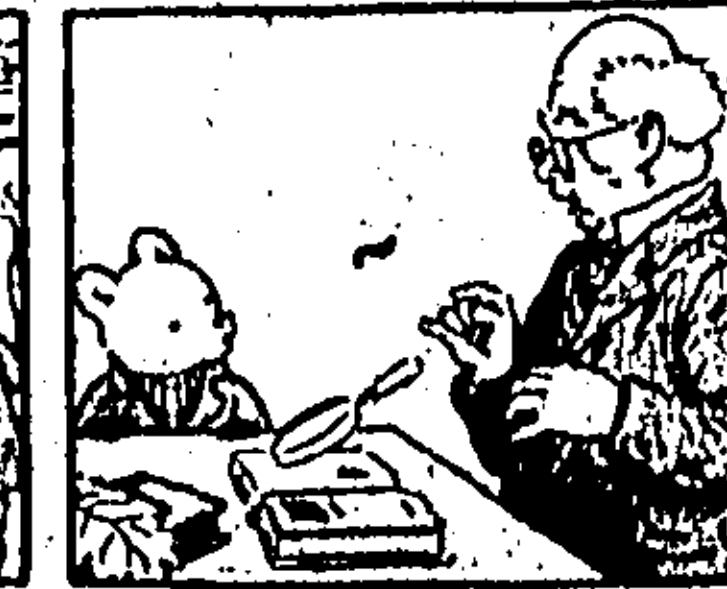
"That's all, except that the strawberry from strawberry hill who now knew exactly how it felt to sit on top of a strawberry shortcake, didn't have anyone to tell it to. But the butterflies still sang and the butterflies fluttered and the May flies and beetles went yidding."

"The little cricket just kept looking at the kitchen window. But he wasn't the least bit curious or inquisitive. He just stayed on strawberry hill!"

Rupert and the Winter Woolly-13



In his excitement over what Rupert has brought the old Professor forgets how busy he is. "I've no idea what tea that last came from," he declares. "It's new to me. So is that queer caterpillar. Come, we must take the poor thing into a warmer room."



Choosing some learned books from his shelves he settles down to examine it in his cosy study. Suddenly they start back with astonishment, for without any warning the caterpillar has leaped high off the table and into the air.

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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1956.

SHEAFFER'S
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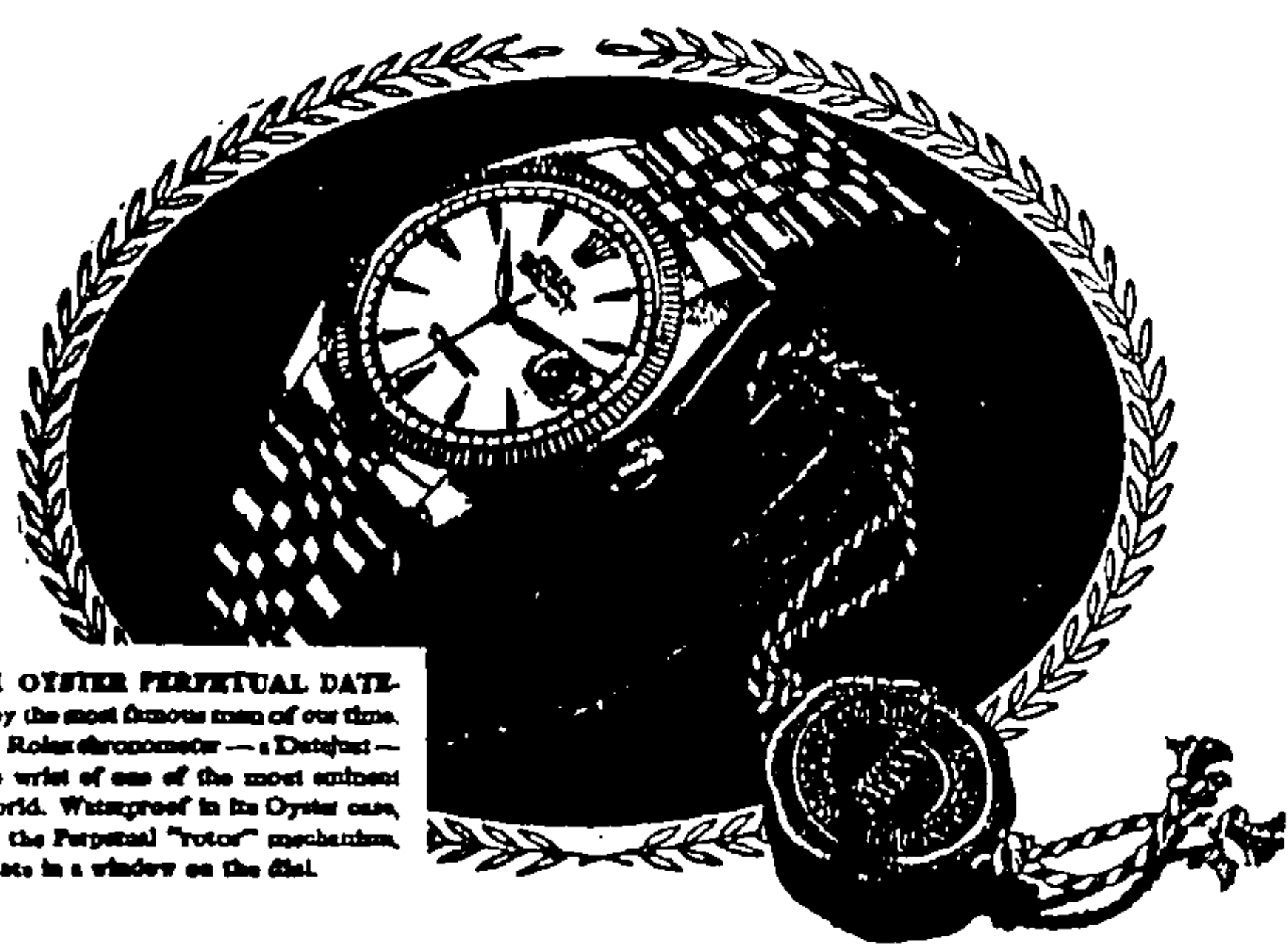
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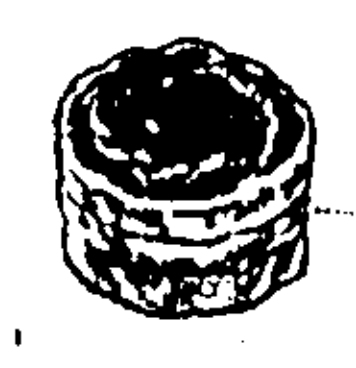
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ANGLO-SOVIET TALKS ON LAOS AGAIN BREAK DOWN

Adenauer—Mollet Meeting May Be Off

Paris, May 25. Dr Konrad Adenauer, West German Chancellor, and M. Guy Mollet, French Premier, may postpone their meeting due in Luxembourg on June 2, according to usually well informed quarters here. These sources said the meeting, fixed weeks ago, may be postponed until the following day or even temporarily cancelled. The official object of the meeting, according to French sources, was to finalise Franco-German agreement about the Saar. But according to German sources in Paris Dr Adenauer's main interest was to get a first hand account of what had been said in Moscow when the French statesman visited the Soviet capital last week. —Reuter

The Anglo-Soviet talks on the situation in Laos have been suspended sine die, the Foreign Office disclosed tonight. No explanation for this decision was given, but it was understood that the two delegations would now consult with their governments.

The talks were opened between British Minister of State Lord Reading and Soviet Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Andrei Gromyko, on May 7. They followed a series of Anglo-Soviet conversations on the situation in Vietnam, which resulted in a decision to maintain the status quo. After the first talks, the Soviet Ambassador in London, Jacob Malik, took over the leadership for the four subsequent meetings.

Very Different

Well informed British circles pointed out that the problem of Laos was very different from that of Vietnam. The disident Communist-inspired Pathet Lao forces in Laos, these circles said, had violated the essential clauses of the Geneva armistice agreements by refusing to hand over the two provinces under their control to the Royal authorities of Laos.

In view of this situation, the International Control Commission in Laos have asked for new instructions from Britain and the Soviet Union, who were the co-chairmen of the 1954 Geneva conference on Indo-China.

Lord Reading and Jacob Malik were apparently unable to find a solution acceptable to all parties concerned, well informed circles said. —France Press.

Rediffusion

H.K.T. 11 a.m. Morning Medley, 12.30. The Adventures of the Scarlet Empress, 12.30. Time Time: 12.30 p.m. Music by Roth; 1. Pipea of Silecia; 2. Time Signal; 3. News and Weather Report; 4. Mantovani Memories; 5. Just for You—Presented by Ray Hamilton; 6. Wayne King Serenade; 7.30. Secrets of Scotland Yard—Narrated by Clive Brooks; 8. The Morgan Manor; 9.30. Rhythmic Parade; 10. Melody Magic; 11. Birthday Mailbox; 12.00. Unit Requests presented by Linda; 1.30. The Jazz Club; 2.30. Masters of Melody; 3. Time Signal and the News; 4.00. Weather Report and Announcements; 5.00. Magic and Moonlight; 6.00. Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and Views of the colony's Sports and Spectators; 7. The Shrike With a Comment; 8.00. Musical Interlude; 9.00. Football Commentary—Victory Shield Finals—Combined Services; 10.00. Combined Chinese Laured broadcast from the Hongkong Club Stadium; 10.10. One Night Stand; 10.30. With the Hank D'Amico Sextet; 10.30. Famous Court Dramas—Peter Got Killed; 11. Barker's Bargain Basement; 11.15. Cricket; 11.45. Australian Commentary from Lord's Cricket Ground on 1st day's play; 11.45. Barker's Bargain Basement Continues; 12.00. God Save the Queen; Close Down.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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Soviet Fishing Dispute Move Rejected

Geneva, May 25. The United Nations International Law Commission today rejected a Soviet move to eliminate compulsory arbitration in fishery disputes on the high seas in a draft agreement prepared here.

Yesterday, Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice, of Britain, said that if the compulsory arbitration article were dropped the whole draft agreement "regime of the high seas" would become meaningless.

He was speaking against a Soviet proposal put forward today as a formal amendment by the Mexican Foreign Minister, Mr Luis Padilla Nervo—which sought to replace compulsory arbitration by consultation, mediation, negotiation and conciliation.

The amendment was rejected by vote of four—Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, India and Mexico—with two abstentions, Bolivia and Syria.

The commission draft will be submitted to the UN General Assembly next November. —Reuter.

Pakistan Border Shooting

Dacca, May 25. An East Pakistan Government spokesman today denied reports that Pakistani border police were responsible for firing across the border between Sylhet (East Pakistan) and Cachar in the Indian province of Assam. Reports from Karimganj in Assam have alleged that Pakistani police yesterday fired across the border into Indian territory for the third day in succession. —Reuter.

Surrey & Yorkshire Move Up County Table

London, May 25. Surrey, county cricket champions and Yorkshire, runners-up, both moved from the bottom half of the championship table after convincing victories in their respective matches today.

Sussex retain their lead with 44 points from five games, followed by Essex, 36 points from six, and Hampshire, 28 from three. Surrey, now fourth with 28 points from five games, were helped by the Bedser twins to beat Leicestershire by 143 runs. Bedser inswingers and leg cutters bit venomously into the dust and tore the heart out of the home side's innings with five for 32. His brother Eric, who earlier made a masterful 50 not out, then induced three of the last four batsmen to give catches at a cost to him of five runs.

Emphatic Victory

Yorkshire, sixth with 24 points from three games had an emphatic victory over Warwickshire. On a pitch responsive to spin, Yorkshire offbreak bowler John Wardle took the honours with five for 44 and match figures of nine for 69. He took three for 13 in nice overs after lunch when Warwickshire lost their last five wickets in 40 minutes for 17 runs.

Of the seven county games in the series which ended today, six produced a definite result and five teams including Essex yesterday, won by an innings. A hostile spell by fast medium bowler Malcolm Heath who took four for four in four overs, led Hampshire to an innings victory over Somerset at Taunton. Main interest in the final stages, however, was whether Australian Colin McCool could reach his first century for Somerset. But he was caught trying a big hit, having made an excellent 94 out of 101 in three hours ten minutes.

Only Delayed

Middlesex and Glamorgan gained their first victories of the season and each won an innings to spare. Charles Lee, 96 not out, did his best for Derbyshire but could not thwart Middlesex for whom fast bowler Alan Moss gained match figures of 11 for 124. Godfrey Evans, the English wicketkeeper, who also did well for Kent but succeeded only in delaying Glamorgan's triumph. In a colourful innings lasting 125 minutes, Evans hit one six and 17 fours.

B & K INVITED TO FINLAND

Heisinki, May 25. The Finnish Government has decided to invite Marshal Nikolai Bulganin and Mr Nikita Khrushchev to pay an official visit to Finland next year, semi-official sources said today.

A formal invitation to the Soviet Premier and Communist Party chief had not yet been forwarded to Moscow, they said. Sweden, Norway and Denmark have already invited Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev to pay them official visits. —Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

N	O	R	W	A	Y
O	R	A	N	E	
T	E	N	T	L	
I	T	E	L	L	
C	O	S	E	E	
E	R	A	S	E	D

JUMBLED SENTENCE: The midnight sun is a phenomenon of the North Cape area of Norway.

DIAMOND: F. POT. PARES. FORESTS. TESTY. STY. S.

NORWEGIAN REDUB: Oslo; Seal; Whale; Cold climate.

NORWEGIAN MIX-UPS: Spitzbergen; Storing; Haskon.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES: 1. BOILS, 2. COMB, 3. MINISTERS, 4. HOUSE, 5. YAUDESTICK, 6. Because they are always found in schools, 7. HIE, HIOE, HIOE.

SOLUTIONS TO "OVER TO YOU": (1) Conception, (2) Onus, a burden, (3) Ullula-to howl, (4) Listen, (5) Elets, (6) Tinsel, (7) Teething, (8) Dr. Joanne, (9) Bowler, (10) Charles III, (11) January 28th, (12) Leap Year February only has first and last days the same.



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